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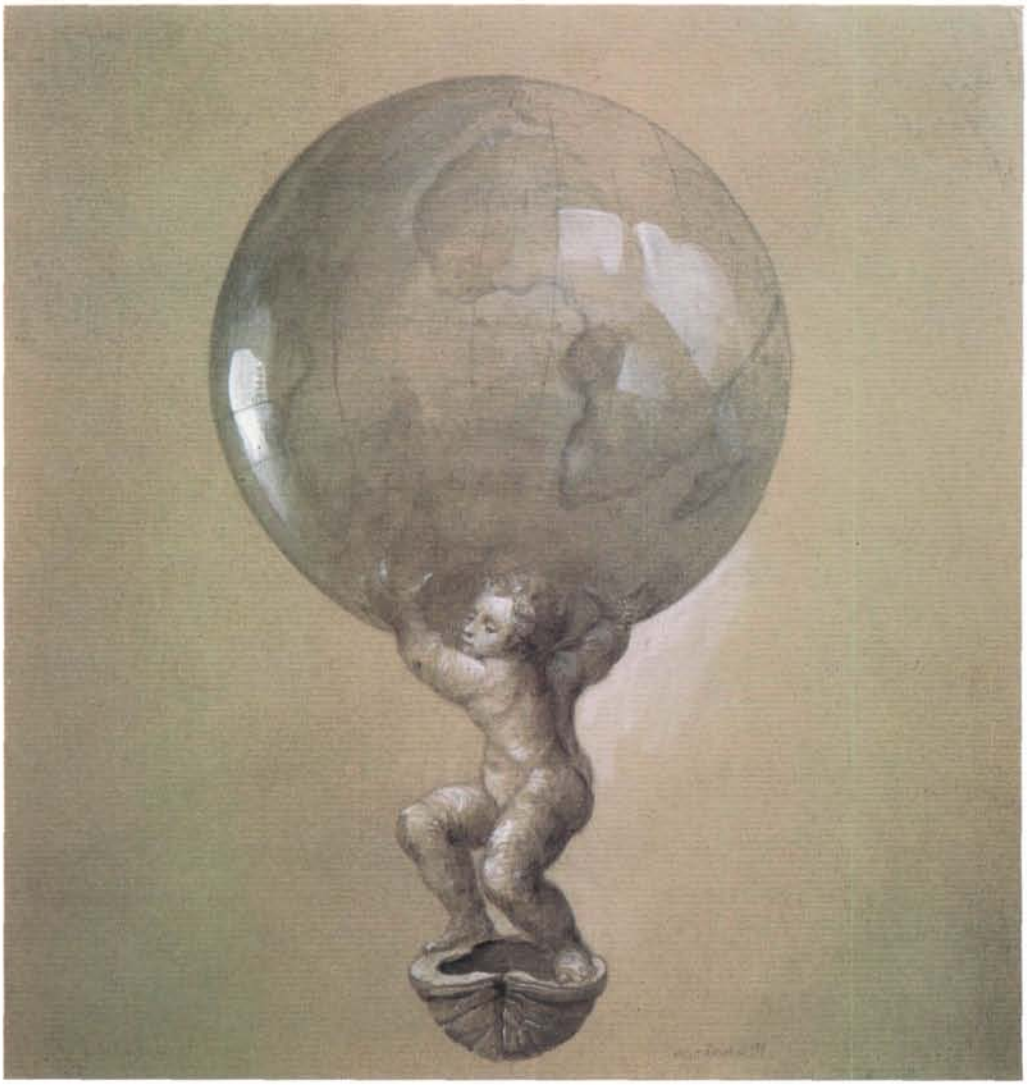

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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

"I was ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population."
—Oliver Goldsmith

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EDITOR
Thomas Fleming

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Theodore Pappas

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
Chilton Williamson, Jr.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Emily Grant Adams

ART DIRECTOR
Anna Mycek-Wodecki

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
John W. Aldridge, Harold O.J. Brown, Samuel Francis, George Garrett, Russell Kirk, E. Christian Kopff, Clyde Wilson

CORRESPONDING EDITORS
Janet Scott Barlow, Odie Faulk, Jane Greer, John Shelton Reed

EDITORIAL SECRETARY
Leann Dobbs

PUBLISHER
Allan C. Carlson

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Michael Warder

PUBLICATION DIRECTOR
Guy C. Reffett

COMPOSITION MANAGER
Anita Fedora

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Rochelle Frank

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'The Broken Promise of American Life'

I was born and raised, educated from the first grade of grammar school through the fourth year of college, in Monmouth, capitol city of Warren County, Illinois, 120 miles southwest of Rockford. My most enduring and lively memory of the Maple City is of the saying, "A Swede is a Nigger turned inside out," an aphorism intended to be insulting and as offensive to the Colored People as to the Scandinavians. When I read an article such as Mr. Fleming's "The Broken Promise of American Life" (Perspective, July 1991) I feel that I must be missing something. I don't understand how an attempt to revive in Monmouth a utopia of the Good Days of Yesteryear that never, in fact, existed, will help us to solve the current political and social problems of the United States.

One more memory does emerge from the mist and murk of the past. On the night of December 6, 1941, the citizens of Monmouth went to sleep safe in the knowledge that they had nothing to fear from Hirohito because they had been assured by Colonel Robert McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* that the Japanese would never send out a fleet to challenge the might of the American Navy.

—*The Rev. Roland Thorwaldsen*
Beaumont, CA

On 'Georgetown University'

Jerry Russell's article (Cultural Revolutions, August 1991) was most appropriate. As a 1943 Protestant graduate of Georgetown, I treasure the memories of that university, with its real Catholic philosophy. Through the years, however, I have seen the liberal-left and almost Marxist takeover of a once great school.

The alumni publication is nothing more or less than a propaganda hymn to social welfare and socialist foreign policy. You can expect to find all the bleeding hearts' photos or quotations on page after page. That GU should even quote Senator Kennedy, let alone show his picture, says much for how low GU's moral judgment has fallen.

—*Vincent W. Allen*
Melbourne Beach, FL

On 'Motel California'

Why was it necessary for John Shelton Reed (Letter From the Lower Right, May 1991) to take a cheap shot at Bob Jones University? ("I feel about California the way some of my Baptist friends feel about Bob Jones University, that it's a caricature of their tradition, an exaggeration of some of its features to the point of ugliness.") Since Bob Jones University is not a Baptist university, why should Baptists feel one way or another about the institution? Why didn't you use Methodists, or Nazarenes, or Brethren, or anybody else instead of Baptists? I am not a Baptist, but the ones I know think Bob Jones University is a fine school. (And no, I am not an alumnus of Bob Jones.) I think you were in California too long and have come back with some strange thoughts.

The May 1991 issue of *Chronicles* was entitled: "Conservative Movement R.I.P.?" No wonder, with articles like the ones Mr. Reed writes.

—*Richard M. Birch*
Marianna, PA

Mr. Reed Replies:

It's quite possible—in fact, it's likely—that I have the wrong Baptist friends, but what I wrote accurately summarizes their opinion of BJU. My own benign view of the place was presented in these pages ("Dr. Bob's Unusual University," May 1986). Those who don't keep back issues can find the essay reprinted in *Whistling Dixie: Dispatches From the South* (University of Missouri Press).

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On 'Nathan Milstein'

J.O. Tate's review of Nathan Milstein's memoir (June 1991) includes the statement that Beethoven "didn't know how to write for the violin," but this is not a fair summary of Milstein's comments. The passage that caught Mr. Tate's eye must have been the one on page 204: "Horowitz once told me, 'Beethoven wrote for the piano as if he were composing especially for bad pianists!' I may not agree with that, but I must admit that for my taste Beethoven did not know how to compose for the violin. (In his violin concerto all the passages are crafted as if written for the piano.) That's why I don't like all of Beethoven's violin sonatas, only three or four of them. The violin part in the others is not interesting or rewarding."

The difficulty may arise from Milstein's use of the word "passage," which in music means the rapid playing of sequences of single notes; if so, Milstein reserves the right to praise Beethoven's melodic and chordal writing for the violin.

Indeed, Milstein finds Beethoven's concerto more "profound" than Mendelssohn's and, when asked which violin concerto is the greatest, unhesitatingly says: "I would put Beethoven's concerto first on my list. It is a miracle, something that seems to have come out of thin air, like some sort of divine message. You can discuss the revelations of his concerto endlessly. One of my favorites is the cadenza in the first movement, in which Beethoven varies the main theme in such a way that the listener keeps waiting for its return with increasing tension. And when it comes, it's like heavenly song!"

Here the "song" is clearly distinct from the "passage" work. Milstein's appreciation of Beethoven's composition for the violin is considerably more complex than Mr. Tate seems to have noticed in his review.

—Wm. F. Rickenbacker
Francestown, NH

Mr. Tate Replies:

Mr. Rickenbacker has said not a word about my numerous *other* contentions about Nathan Milstein's disappointing book. I think that's because I was justified in my comments, and in my view as a whole.

Since he himself quotes Milstein as saying that "Beethoven did not know how to compose for the violin," I suppose that Rickenbacker sees complexity where I see smugness and confusion. I note that Milstein's variously disrespectful, ambiguous, self-contradictory, or deprecatory comments about Beethoven on pages 43, 53, 120-121, 148, and 158 were not cited by Mr. Rickenbacker. On page 183, Milstein sneers at Brahms. I don't take sophomoric swaggering very seriously —not from octogenarians, anyway. And I don't have any "difficulty" with the word "passage," either. On the contrary, I think it's Milstein who has a "difficulty"—with the word "book."

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

YUGOSLAVIA, the political centrifuge of the Balkans, is spinning its constituent nations into tenuous independence. Long-standing religious and ethnic animosities have finally erupted into bloody internecine warfare, and it appears that nothing and no one can prevent this crazy-quilt entity of three major religions, three alphabets, and at least five proud national identities from rushing headlong not into the 21st century, but rather back into its own dark, violent past.

The Western news media have, by and large, already assigned the Serbs a lion's share of the blame, because they retain in power a reactionary hard-line Communist named Slobodan Milosevic; they prefer a centralized Yugoslav government propped up by the Serb-dominated Yugoslav army; they carry the baggage of centuries of Turkish oppression, a mysterious religion—Eastern Orthodox Christianity —and cultural backwardness; and last, because they're, well, Serbs. Compared to the supposedly democratic, Westernized, enlightened Slovenes and Croats, the Serbs and their culture appear to many American journalists, to use H.L. Mencken's devastating description of the American South, to be the "Sahara of the Bozart."

Enter the prince and the patriarch —not quite riding white horses, but still wearing white hats.

It will certainly surprise, perhaps even shock those American journalists and other citizens who meet Crown Prince Alexander Karadjordjevic to discover an urbane, personable, stylish man in his 40's. Prince Alexander is given to colloquialisms such as "fed-up" and has a delightful, down-home sense of humor. He hardly fits the stereotypical image of the rough-hewn, unlettered Serb or the regal personality more familiar, albeit off-putting, to American democrats: formal, stately, above-it-all. Nor is he a political wallflower. "I'm not a politician," he told a gathering of Serbian Orthodox in Washington last May. "I'm the unifying force."

Though born abroad after Josip Broz Tito's Communist partisans dethroned the Yugoslav monarchy at the end of World War II, Alexander regards himself as a Serb, though also quixotically as a Yugoslav. Descendant of King Peter I of Serbia (1903-1918) and, from 1918, the new kingdom later known as Yugoslavia, Alexander is the rightful claimant of the erstwhile Yugoslav throne. Lest this seem too fanciful or even silly to anti-monarchical Americans, the prospects of his return to Belgrade as king are not as remote as may appear at present. As Yugoslavia proceeds to its destiny as the black hole of the Balkans, Serbs and Croats alike may look to any potential source of political light and stability— even a monarch from the Karadjordjevic "dynasty."

That certainly is Alexander's hope. "My role is kind of like a big ambassador" for democratization and cooperation in a post-communist Yugoslavia. "It's very important to have Yugoslavia," he insists, since the demographics

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in that land allow for no viable alternative. Given the sizable 12 percent Serbian minority in Croatia, for example, Alexander questions where one would draw the boundaries of an independent Croatia or Serbia. The European Economic Community, he warns, would not tolerate six new, cantankerous, little nations in southeast Europe. Alexander also points, perhaps naïvely, to Belgium and the United Kingdom as successful examples of multiethnic European states.

This pan-Yugoslavism softens Alexander's commitment to Serbian nationalism without, however, betraying his Serbian, or Orthodox, heritage. He displays the Serbian red-blue-white colors proudly when, for example, he pledges to his Serbian-American audience: "One thing I assure you: Kosovo will always be our territory."

But the prince tempers this ethnic pride with a prudent sense of justice. "I'm very proud to be a Karadjordjevic," he says deferentially, "but I don't want our nationalism to be used to kill people. . . . It would give me no pleasure to bash an Albanian." Further, referring to the unseemly communist face that the Serbian Socialist Republic still projects, Alexander confesses, "I don't feel proud to be from Serbia, when we keep producing propaganda rags like *Politika*."

What to do, then? Like the grandfather after whom he was named, King Alexander I (1921-1934), Prince Alexander is committed to the cause of Yugoslav unity and peaceful cooperation. Unlike his grandfather, who imposed a dictatorship in 1929 to achieve this end, the prince tirelessly promotes democracy in his family's native land through a return to constitutional monarchy. "I want to see all these [political] parties talking to each other for the good of Serbia." But more than Serbia. Alexander would have the Yugoslavs eschew the cynical politicians who use nationalism to advance sinister, divisive political agendas. That includes both Milosevic the Serb and the Croatian national leader, Franjo Tudjman.

In 1934, King Alexander I of Yugoslavia was, for all his troubles, assassinated in Marseilles by a Macedonian serving the Croatian fascist movement, the Ustashi. In 1991, Prince Alexander is not yet king. It's a foregone conclusion that the Croats, Slovenes, Macedonians, Albanians—in short, all the non-Serbs in Yugoslavia—would not have him in the first place. He would be more realistic, in fact, to resign himself to waiting in the wings for the final curtain on Yugoslavia, the better to rescue Orthodox Serbia from the grasp of communists-turned-socialists like Milosevic. King of Serbia and its sister republic Montenegro, after all, sounds more appealing than crown prince of nothing.

If the youthful Prince Alexander is eager to return to his patrimony, the new patriarch of the eight-million-member Serbian Orthodox Church is already trying "in country," as it were, to soothe the savage beasts of ethnoracism and religious bigotry. To be sure, this new patriarch is not exactly "new," as in "young." On December 2, 1990, the Serbian Orthodox Church chose Pavle, bishop of Rash-Prizren, as its first-among-equals. The 76-year-old was an unexpected choice.

A veteran of years of persecution at the hands of thuggish Albanians in Kosovo, Patriarch Pavle had to endure attacks on monasteries, the rape of nuns, and the desecration of Serbian cemeteries. And yet his first public statement as patriarch echoed the saintly Elder Zosima in Fyodor Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*: "Love and unity . . . are not possible without fundamental repentance and sincere spiritual rebirth, both personally and corporately. For truly we are all to blame for everything."

In the half-year since his ascendancy, Patriarch Pavle has certainly practiced what he preaches. In May, the debilitating, fratricidal schism among Serbian Orthodox in North America formally ended with the reconciliation of the disputing hierarchs in Belgrade. It took the election of Pavle—respected as a holy man by Serbs throughout the world—to resolve the conflict after 28 years of bitter legal battles and divided families. Also in May, Patriarch Pavle joined his counterpart in the Roman Catholic Croatian community, Cardinal Franjo Kuharic, in a common appeal for peace in the mounting crisis between Serbs and Croats. "We appeal to all responsible people in political parties," the joint statement reads, "especially those in power, to resolve conflicts justly."

With no axe to grind against the Albanian irredentists in his former diocese or the perennial Croatian rivals, Patriarch Pavle—ascetic, apolitical, and accepting of everyone—may be precisely the kind of national religious leader that the embattled Serbs now need. Orthodox Christians in Yugoslavia and America may even begin wondering about the dual prospects of the patriarch and the prince serving alongside one another in a revived Serbian kingdom. This would represent a return to the ancient Byzantine model of *symphonia*—a close, working relation, or "harmony," between an Orthodox monarch and the Orthodox Church in a unified society.

More realistically, Patriarch Pavle and Prince Alexander can at least provide voices of reason and moderation in a society that has begun to revert to barbarism. They are certainly worth hearing.

—*Fr. Alexander F.C. Webster*

IMMIGRATION PROBLEMS continue to plague Europe. In France the Front National is finally fed up with the Gaullist right, which expects the support of the anti-immigrant nationalists but treats them with contempt. Jacques Chirac is alarmed enough to begin borrowing the Front National's rhetoric. When the Prime Minister, ditzy socialist Edith Cresson, called for a crackdown on illegal immigration, two out of three Frenchmen surveyed agreed with her. In July she announced new measures aimed at curbing illegal immigration. Legal immigrants found guilty of hiring illegals can be expelled, and foreigners from countries that send large numbers of illegals to France will not be eligible for tourist visas. While these measures are not likely to stem the tide, it is apparent that immigration and the French identity are coming to the fore in French politics. It was only a year ago when North African youths went on a rampage in Vaux-en Velin (near Lyons) and tried to burn down the nice new neighborhood that the government had built for them.

In Italy, the rioters have tended to be Italian teenagers, and there have been outbreaks or *ragazzismo* all over the North, most recently in Milan.

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Italy is currently experiencing a constitutional crisis brought on by mounting dissatisfaction with the *partitocrazia*, and none of the major parties is willing to tackle the immigration question. So far the most creative solution has been a bribe given to the Albanian government in the belief that it is cheaper to give welfare to Albanians before they go to Italy.

Immigration is also a touchy political problem in Germany, one that is complicated by reunification. With a fresh supply of cheap east German labor, German businesses no longer have so pressing a need for Yugoslav and Turkish workers. The Turks, predictably, are insistent in demanding their rights, and the tension is building all over the country. In the east, where there are fewer economic opportunities for working-class youth, the conflicts are overt.

According to a July story in the *Südeutsche Zeitung* (reprinted in English in *The German Tribune*), neo-Nazi youth groups in Dresden are capitalizing on the immigrant issue. In one "housing area" of 45,000, the "faschos" parade openly, speaking derisively of the foreign "dregs" and expressing their hope for a clean nation of pure Germans. There have been numerous skinhead attacks against Vietnamese and Africans, but the local sympathies are mostly with the youth groups. One restauranteur told the reporter, "If it weren't for the Hitler

salute and the swastika . . . the boys would be all right."

Meanwhile, the political debate rages over how many political refugees ought to be allowed to take asylum in Germany. If stricter limits are not imposed, it is all too easy to predict the consequences: a newly militant extreme right that will not shrink from repeating the mistakes of the past. Recent events in Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union are the clearest evidence that national and tribal loyalties have not disappeared from the European scene. As this century draws to an end, Europe — East and West — appears to be playing itself backward. By the year 2000, the arrangements of Versailles and Yalta may all be a dead letter.

— *Thomas Fleming*

LANGUAGE DIFFERENCES figured prominently in rioting last spring in two largely Hispanic areas of the nation's capital, Mount Pleasant and Adams Morgan. The violence in early May began after a city police woman arrested a Hispanic man. The officer spoke English; the man spoke Spanish. The police officer said the man brandished a knife; she fired her revolver, wounding him. Two nights of rioting and looting followed, causing hundreds of thousands of dollars in damage.

Obviously, the inability to speak English makes it difficult for immigrants to function in our society. Compounding the problem is the fact that many immigrants are duped by ambitious politicians into believing they can succeed in America without learning English. U.S. ENGLISH, with over a half million members, has been at the forefront of the Common Language Movement with its promotion of opportunities for non-English speakers to learn the language. Since January, U.S. ENGLISH has given $30,000 in grants to five community-based English programs in the Washington, D.C., area, four in Mount Pleasant and Adams Morgan.

Opponents of the Common Language Movement recognize that Hispanics and other language minorities are learning English at a rapid rate. Yet their response to the integration of immigrants into our society is to encourage an active official bilingual movement. For example, though residents of Mount Pleasant have identified English proficiency as the most important key to their success, demands made by local ethnic politicians were for short-term solutions like more Spanish-speaking police officers and a 24-hour Spanish hotline to the mayor's office. Bills supporting multilingualism in government have been introduced in at least 12 states and passed in three — Oregon, Washington, and New Mexico. Some Hispanic activists in our country have even demanded that government activities be conducted in Spanish. The Hispanic Issues Conference has suggested a full bilingual approach in public affairs, including Spanish-speaking poll workers at elections and translators at city government meetings.

Nor have these opponents limited their attacks to the legislative realm. Last March, after being incited by remarks from the podium at the California Democratic Party in Oakland, approximately 25 hostile demonstrators surrounded the U.S. ENGLISH booth, threw literature to the floor, pushed a table into a female staffer, and shouted such things as: "You are the intruder. Spanish should be the official language. You are a white Caucasian from Western Europe. California should be given back to Mexico." U.S. ENGLISH filed a 15.2 million dollar lawsuit against the California Democratic Party for violation of U.S. ENGLISH's civil rights, for breach of contract, and assault and battery. "Threats, intimidation and violence are not part of the American political process," said Stanley Diamond, board chairman of U.S. ENGLISH.

Advocates of bilingualism and multilingualism are working in the courts, in the halls of government, and in the schools, pushing an agenda that attempts to chip away at the unity our country enjoys through our common language. In the courts, however, most of their efforts have failed. The Supreme Court ruled last June in *Hernandez* v. *New York* that a prosecutor does not necessarily violate the Constitution by removing people fluent in Spanish from a jury in a case against a Hispanic defendant. In other words, the Supreme Court refused to equate language with national origin, handing a major victory to the Common Language Movement, which considers the immutable characteristics of race, national origin, and sex distinct from learned traits like language. "The Supreme Court declined to make a blanket equation that said anytime you make a distinction on the basis of language, you are discriminating on the basis of national origin," Diamond said. "The Court said each case must be examined individually to determine whether language was used as a pretext for a nation-origin discrimination."

Leaders of the Common Language Movement believe that attempts to erode our common language will continue until English is established as our nation's official language of government. Eighteen states have enacted laws designating English as their official language, and two measures are in Congress: the English Language

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Amendment to the Constitution and the Language of Government Act. Most importantly, the majority of Americans, including Hispanics, support these proposals. A Gallup survey released in January showed that 78 percent of those polled favored English as our official language. Of families with a native language other than English, 74 percent were in favor. When asked if they felt making English the official language of government would discriminate against them, 95 percent said no; 88 percent of families with a native language other than English said no.

Mikhail Gorbachev, in his 1987 book *Perestroika*, paid tribute to the role a common language has played in the forming of our country: "though representatives from many ethnic groups came together in the United States, English became their common language. Apparently, this was a natural choice. One can imagine what would have happened if members of each nation moving to the United States had spoken only their own tongues and refused to learn English." It's an embarrassment to our country that so many of our political leaders refuse to acknowledge what even Mikhail Gorbachev knows to be true —that English is the cement that holds our ethnic mosaic together.

—Ronald Saunders, Executive Director of U.S. ENGLISH

THE NATIONAL ENDOWment for the Arts has released its 1990 annual report. So have the various state arts councils, including the Illinois Arts Council (IAC). The Lyric Opera of Chicago received a $1 million grant and a couple of hundred thousand for spare change, all of which will supposedly "make a major long term commitment to American and European opera of our time." (Why American taxpayers should want to subsidize European opera wasn't addressed.) The Lyric Opera also received $169,700 from the IAC, making the whole package just shy of a million and a half.

I'm always fascinated by what my colleagues in the Chicago arts community have managed to skim from federal, state, and local cultural coffers. The 1990 NEA grant to Chicago artist Jacqueline Foster for $10,000 reads as follows: "To support a project to teach low-income, inner-city residents the fundamentals of interior design so that they can make improvements in their homes." There is also the Randolph Street Gallery, an annual NEA/IAC favorite. This year the Randolph Street Gallery grabbed a mere $157,220 from the combined agencies. The gallery likes to present itself as an "alternative space," something a bit to the left of the crass commercial mainstream. It's located in a neighborhood just northwest of Chicago's downtown, offering "emerging" artists a bit of "otherness" in an underground mystique. A little raw in feel, but just enough adventure for the avid art buff. The gallery is housed in a building owned by developer and art buyer Lew Manilow, who certainly sees no evil in having state subsidized tenants. Though subsidized by both state and federal government, the Randolph Street Gallery deems it necessary (perhaps to complete its BoHo image) to set out a dollar jar for beer at art openings. I've often wondered, while stuffing my dollar into that jar, how many citizens would be willing to do so if they knew the extent to which they subsidize this place each year. This counterculture scene is repeated across the country. Favored little groups stuff their pockets with government subsidies while presenting themselves as good and true soldiers of "diversity." This is the new cultural "doublethink" of our era: the "alternative" is the mainstream.

"Commitment" seems to be the art world's current buzzword. Shirley R. Madigan, chairman of the Illinois Arts Council and wife of Michael Madigan, speaker of the Illinois House of State Representatives, used it four times in the IAC's 1990 annual report. "With the creation of the Illinois Arts Council one quarter of a century ago, the Illinois General Assembly demonstrated a commitment to the citizens of Illinois. . . ." NEA Chairman John E. Frohnmayer is also fond of the "c-word." "Federal support shows our commitment to the general welfare of our citizens, particularly in their pursuit of happiness, and support on the national level is a sign to the rest of the world of the value our culture places on our culture and civilization." So strong is this "commitment" that in January 1990 the Illinois Legislature formed another arts committee, adding yet another layer of bureaucracy to the quagmire of state government. The new committee seats, among others, Richard Love—artist, arts promoter, TV host, and owner of a very successful gallery. Richard Love is all too typical of the new brand of arts politico. Also on this committee is arts maven Irene Antoniou, who also doubled as an NEA Opera, Theater, Musical Advisory Panel member in 1990. Perhaps this is what Chairman Madigan means when she refers to the "economic power of the arts to insure Illinois' growth."

Real commitment to the arts is a lonely and frustrating business. It was eloquently summed up in a supermarket aisle by a former classmate of mine from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Standing between the plastic wrap and the air fresheners, he was irate that two other former classmates of ours had, as husband and wife, each won $15,000 from the NEA. They are upper-middle-class whites who live in one of Chicago's exclusive North Shore suburbs, and both have long been represented by one of Chicago's most influential galleries. As my own school chum said, "Why should I pay *my* tax dollars *to them* to do what I do after I get home from working nine to five all day?" Why, indeed. Perhaps this is what Chairman Frohnmayer means when he says the NEA is "committed" to supporting "diversity in America."

I sympathize with my frustrated classmate. My own career as an artist and painter has spanned the twenty-five-year spread and growth of government intervention in the arts. In 1965 my work was included in the 29th Corcoran Gallery of Art Biennial Exhibition in Washington, D.C. A black-tie dinner followed that included such assorted luminaries as Robert Rauchenberg and Nancy Hanks. Nancy spoke glowingly of her efforts for government "support" of the arts. A true believer. Of course, at age 25 I was vastly impressed and did not realize that I was present for the beginning of the end of freedom in the arts in America. Today I marvel at the wit, cleverness, and utter nonchalance of the new American arts aristocracy as it

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travels the fast lane of government patronage. No, I don't like competing against artists greased along by government bucks. The arts were hard enough to survive in, but now they are even harder—made so by government-sponsored mediocrity. For an artist to be antiestablishment in America today is for him or her to be in opposition to one's own peers.

My old school catalogue reads like a "Who's Who" of IAC/NEA grantees, each flaunting his or her respective government stamps of approval to prospective art students, many of whom will be led to expect that their art as well as their lifestyles should be subsidized. Yes, everyone knows that our children's artistic education is important to our arts councils. One such concerned group is the heavily subsidized Illinois Alliance for Arts in Education (IAAE). The IAAE is politically well-connected, and past President Dennis Grabowski has even served on IAC panels while his former group received grants. IAAE President Rich Schuler and Executive Director Nadine Saitlin served on last year's IAC panels, and, of course, the IAAE was an honored grantee. In the IAAE 1990 Update Newsletter the group was pleased to report on official artist Karen Erickson, who "was recently involved in a cultural exchange program between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., sponsored by the League of Chicago Theatres and the Union of Theatre Workers of the Russian Federation. As part of a six member group, Karen was able to observe an artist-in-residence program at the state school in Leningrad." The article concludes that "Karen was able to learn a great deal about Theatre in Russia."

In the ongoing Balkanization of the American arts industry and what's left of American culture, I suppose this experience will provide the citizens of Illinois with a perfect symbiosis of *perestroika* and "commitment" for our kids. Yes, the NEA and your state arts councils are committed to you and your children. Our cultural Gauleiters say, "Don't worry," everything's fine, for they've taken over the art world, turned it into a branch of the civil service, and taken on the business of "promoting creativity." After all, the government knows what's best for you. Who else is going to teach inner-city residents about the fundamentals of interior design?

—*Stanley D. Edwards*

FORKS, WASHINGTON, known as the "Logging Capital of the World," has reportedly taken on the signs of a community under siege. In this small timber town there are rows upon rows of idle logging trucks, yellow "solidarity" ribbons tied to telephone poles and trees, with signs posted everywhere that read, "This Family is Supported by Timber," "Ban the Spotted Owl," or simply "For Sale."

With their livelihoods threatened and seemingly nowhere to turn, some loggers last summer sought refuge and support from the only organization that appeared interested and sympathetic to their plight: the Aryan Nations. Based in Hayden Lake, Idaho, this organization seeks to establish an "Aryan homeland" for white Christians in Washington, Oregon, Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho. It has targeted Forks and other distressed logging towns in an attempt to establish a foothold in the region.

The organization made its first attempt at recruiting last June. With TV cameras rolling, white supremacist Floyd Cochran distributed leaflets and shook workers' hands at a sawmill entrance in Medford, Oregon. "Aryan Nations supports the RIGHT of the White LOGGER and all hardworking White TAXPAYERS to make a living," read the leaflets. "As Aryan Nations sees it, the birds already have a habitat of their own, and they have been feathering their nest for a long time now—it's called Washington, D.C.!"

Cochran claimed to have recruited 21 new members from his visit to Medford, but Forks was a tougher nut to crack. Bill Richards, who covered the story for the *Chicago Tribune*, described Forks as having "a reputation as a tough town for outsiders." When a band of Hell's Angels tried to take over the town in the 1970's, loggers reportedly beat them, demolished their bikes, and threw three of them into a river.

Robert Hughes, a member of the Justice Department's Community Relations Service who has long tracked the Aryan Nations' efforts, warned a gathering of concerned residents that the group would try to appeal to local economic frustrations. "We're seeing a rhetoric shift from the more overt white supremacy and anti-Semitic message [of white supremacist groups] to one championing white workers and trying to take advantage of economic conditions." Hughes claims that "hate crimes"—including cross burnings, bombings, homicides, and vandalism—have risen 23 percent in the last year, which he attributes to white supremacist groups.

After the meeting with Hughes, a consortium of local logging groups issued a statement warning these groups to stay away, but not all citizens were as certain of the community's reaction. As David Soha, part owner of a logging company, told Richards, the anti-government, anti-environmentalist message of the white supremacists may attract some loggers, particularly those who lost their jobs because of the spotted owl.

Indeed, the repulsiveness of his organization notwithstanding, Floyd Cochran is right about one thing: "You don't have to be a racist to be against elite environmentalists and big government." If Washington continues to ignore the needs of the increasingly alienated middle class—if taxpayers continue to be given a backseat to snail-darters and spotted owls—then the political class may succeed in realizing its worst nightmare: a Middle American uprising spearheaded by white supremacists.

—*Theodore Pappas*

SAMUEL FRANCIS has become a columnist for the *Washington Times*. He had been deputy editorial page editor for the *Times* since 1987, and had in this position twice received a Distinguished Writing Award from the American Society of Newspaper Editors. Mr. Francis will, we are happy to say, remain a contributing editor of *Chronicles* and will continue with his monthly "Principalities & Powers."

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Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

No matter how many curses should be heaped on the head of Thurgood Marshall, recently retired from some 24 years of slicing and twisting the raw meat of the Constitution into whatever ideological pastry suited his appetite of the moment, even his shrillest foes have to acknowledge Mr. Marshall's eminence in the legal and judicial world in which he lived. When Lyndon Johnson hailed him to the Supreme Court in 1967 as the first black justice in American history, Mr. Marshall was by far the most distinguished civil rights tub-thumper in the country. For years he had manfully wrestled and wriggled with Jim Crow and the sour apostles of the thesis that the children of Ham shall never mix with the progeny of Shem and Japheth, and his crowning moment came in 1954, when he mouthed before the Court the clever sophisms that won the field in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. It was hardly his fault that by the time of his retirement last June, Mr. Marshall's mind had long since rotted on the shelf, and he spent his final days in office muttering to reporters the same inanities he had entrenched in the nation's fundamental law.

Unfortunately, Clarence Thomas, his would-be successor, cannot match Mr. Marshall for distinction. Though there is no evidence of senility in the man President Bush named to the Court a few days after Mr. Marshall bid farewell to it, neither is there much indication of intellectual luster. Mr. Thomas appears to be as much of a man of integrity as any career public servant can be, and he is by no means given to the kind of jurisprudential extravagance that made Mr. Marshall and his colleagues on the Warren Court a greater menace to society than Baby Face Nelson. Nevertheless, he does espouse a judicial philosophy, though his is a creed only marginally different from the egalitarian sonorities that steamed through the pipes of his predecessor's cerebral organ.

Mr. Thomas, the author of a number of articles in legal journals and the popular press, is a disciple of philosopher and historian Harry V. Jaffa, and his bibliography bristles with allusions to and quotations from the works of the Master. Mr. Jaffa, now retired from a long career at Claremont College, is perhaps best known for his own untiring adulation of the political emissions of Abraham Lincoln and for nearly twenty years of literary guerrilla warfare with Lincoln's chief contemporary nemesis, Professor M.E. Bradford of the University of Dallas.

Some years ago, after the repeated thrashings Professor Bradford had inflicted on Mr. Jaffa's roseate views of Father Abraham and their supposed connection with the "Founding" of the Republic, his friends and supporters (of whom I am one) deluded themselves that Lincoln's ghost would rise no more and that we were free at last of the sage of Claremont. But it was not to be. Indeed, the Jaffa school, a faction of the larger conclave that trundles after Mr. Jaffa's own mentor, Leo Strauss, seems to have permeated much of what passes for philosophical conservatism in the country today. Both Jack Kemp and Lew Lehrman, among other illuminati, have lent their lips to his praise, and in one guise or another his disciples throng the think-tanks, law firms, and periodicals that have sprouted in the beehives of the right for the last decade or so. Now Mr. Thomas threatens to inject Mr. Jaffa's pronouncements into the Constitution itself, whence they shall come to rule the land for generations. Those who understand the errors of the Jaffa persuasion cannot welcome this prospect, nor can those Americans who would prefer to be governed, not by the concoctions of an academic stylite, but by the simple rules and principles their forebears established.

The central contention of Mr. Jaffa's teaching is the claim that the Declaration of Independence—specifically, its assertion that "all men are created equal"—governs the Constitution. As Mr. Thomas expresses it in an article in the *Harvard Journal of Law and Public Policy*, "If the Constitution is not a logical extension of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, important parts of the Constitution are inexplicable." The purport of this claim is that in the absence of the egalitarian effusion at the beginning of the Declaration, there is little justification for much of what eventually triumphed in American history—the prosecution of war against the South, Lincoln's own egalitarian rhetoric, the abolition of slavery, the passage of the Reconstruction amendments, and the victory of the civil rights movement over states' rights and segregation. Mr. Jaffa, Mr. Thomas, and their school are at one in demanding concurrence in the view that the doctrine of equality is the guiding principle of the American political tradition.

Yet the argument for the connection between Declaration and Constitution is particularly weak. Not only were the two documents the work of almost entirely different groups of men assembled in two entirely different institutions and under entirely different circumstances, but also the documents themselves are entirely different in their purposes and content. The Declaration of Independence is precisely that—a declaration (by the representatives of the 13 colonies) that the colonies were no longer subordinate to Great Britain but independent states. The first part of the Declaration rehearses the natural rights ideology that enjoyed a vogue among many educated Americans and Europeans (especially at the French court, whose sympathy the Americans were trying to win), but the grounds for and the meaning of these bromides are never made clear, and they are soon forgotten in the bulk of the document. As Professor Bradford has shown, most of the Declaration is an exposition of the atrocities allegedly visited upon the colonists by George III, and they are atrocities not because they violate "natural rights" or the doctrine of equality but because they transgress the historic liberties of Englishmen and thereby deliver the innocent subjects of the king to the misrule of an illegal and arbitrary regime.

Yet, even if the Declaration is read as a predominantly egalitarian manifesto, its relevance to the Constitution remains minimal. The Constitution presupposes the Declaration only in the sense that national independence was necessary for any national constitution to have legal and political stand-

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ing. But nowhere in the Constitution are the Declaration or its supposed doctrines invoked or implied, and in the Preamble, where the purposes of the charter are explicitly stated, the Declaration and any mention of equality are conspicuous by their absence. All of which is understandable. The Framers of the Constitution had enough trouble drafting, adopting, getting ratified, and enforcing their charter without importing into it the quixotic ramblings of Enlightenment tabletalk.

As dubious as the Jaffa-Thomas connection between Declaration and Constitution is, it is the foundation for a good deal of mischievous misunderstanding of what the Framers intended and of how the idea of equality should be imposed upon us. Mr. Thomas, again following Mr. Jaffa and his school, has to explain why it is, if the Framers were egalitarians, they refrained from abolishing slavery and even went so far as to acknowledge and protect slavery in the text of the Constitution: the "three-fifths clause," whereby slaves were to count as three-fifths of a free person in apportioning congressional representation; the fugitive slave clause; and the prohibition of restrictions on the slave trade until 1808.

It is the conceit of the Jaffa-Thomas school that, in Mr. Thomas' words, "With the Declaration as a backdrop, we can understand the Constitution as the Founders understood it—to point toward the eventual abolition of slavery." The protection of slavery in the Constitution the Jaffa-ites see as a mere "compromise," necessary to drag along the Southerners, who would not have ratified the Constitution had they believed the document contemplated abolition.

It is curious that the Jaffa-Thomas argument, ostensibly designed to praise the Constitution and its architects, in fact turns the Framers into liars and hypocrites. When Virginia debated ratification, for example, Patrick Henry, who opposed ratification, argued that the Constitution and its strong central government would indeed lead to the abolition of slavery. But both James Madison and Edmund Randolph, leading veterans of the Constitutional Convention, denied his charges vigorously. "There is no power to warrant it [abolition]," Madison declared. "I believe such an idea never entered any American breast." Randolph also argued that "The Southern states, even South Carolina herself, conceived [slaves] to be secure by these words [the slave-trade clause]. . . . There was not a member of the Virginia delegation who had the smallest suspicion of the abolition of slavery."

If the Jaffa-Thomas interpretation is correct, then Madison and Randolph either were lying or else didn't understand the document they had just helped write. Moreover, if the Framers had really regarded slavery as a grotesque violation of natural rights that should have been abolished, how can their temporary compromises with it be judged as anything but the most cynical pragmatism?

Indeed, Madison's own notes of the Convention show that there was no intention on the part of the Framers to abolish slavery through the Constitution, though different members expressed different opinions about slavery as an institution. In any case, the Jaffa-Thomas efforts to paint slavery out of the Constitution (and thereby exclude acceptance of inequality in the American political tradition) don't wash. As historian William E. Wiecik has written, "So permeated was the Constitution with slavery that no less than nine of its clauses directly protected or referred to it."

Were Mr. Jaffa's misconceptions confined to the esoterica of the Founding, they might be irrelevant for constitutional law today. But Mr. Thomas insists on making them stand up and march. If the purpose of the Constitution is to implement the equality clause of the Declaration, then it is the business of the Supreme Court to get on with the project. Mr. Thomas himself has roundly endorsed this mission, praising Martin Luther King's characterization of the Declaration as a "promissory note" (a conception strikingly similar to that of Mr. Jaffa), and gladly hailing also King's remarks showing that "Dr. King captured well the utopianism of America." He finds especially inspiring "the powerful element of the American political tradition President Reagan appeals to in his frequent quotation of the political theorist and pamphleteer Tom Paine: 'We have it within our power to begin the world over again.' Paine captured well the revolutionary meaning of basing a particular nation on a universal truth, the truth of human equality."

It was, of course, the "truth of human equality" that produced the Reign of Terror in the country where natural rights egalitarianism was so chic a few years before. Mr. Jaffa and Mr. Thomas presumably would disavow the bloodshed of the French Revolution (ideologues never take responsibility for their misshapen offspring; they merely engender more), but the passion they share with Paine and Robespierre for using the state to impose equality by force ought to make us skeptical.

Mr. Thomas, of course, is best known for his criticism of affirmative action and other "group rights" that egalitarians of the stripe of Thurgood Marshall have spawned. There is no reason to doubt his sincerity, but the point is that the Jaffa-Thomas brand of equality is no less generative of tyranny than that of Mr. Marshall.

It is in his account of civil rights law that Mr. Thomas makes clear his fundamental kinship with Jacobinism. Unlike the Warren Court, which invoked social science as a justification for striking down school segregation, Mr. Thomas relies on the dissent of Justice John Marshall Harlan in the decision *Brown* overturned. In *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* (1896), the Court upheld a law segregating New Orleans streetcars on the grounds that such social segregation was not inherently a "badge of inferiority" but was only construed as such by the "colored race." The Court had already held in the *Civil Rights Cases* of 1883 that "badges of slavery" were forbidden by the Thirteenth Amendment's outlawing of slavery itself. In *Plessy*, it simply refused to label segregation such a badge.

Harlan dissented, arguing, as he had in his dissent in the 1883 decision, that the Thirteenth Amendment forbade all forms of racial segregation on the grounds that "the arbitrary separation of citizens, on the basis of race . . . is a badge of servitude wholly inconsistent with the civil freedom and the equality before the law established by the Constitution." Harlan's view, based on the same understanding of the Declaration as egalitarian charter that the Jaffa school promulgates, is thus broader

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than that proclaimed by the Warren Court in *Brown* nearly sixty years later. In *Brown*, only state-enforced school segregation was struck down. Harlan's reasoning would forbid private racial discrimination as well, and it is Harlan's view that Mr. Thomas and other Jaffa disciples champion.

Jaffa-ite Kenneth M. Holland has written that "The Court [in 1883 and 1896] erroneously held that the Thirteenth Amendment did not reach private acts of racial discrimination" and that "By itself, the Thirteenth Amendment prohibited all forms of racial discrimination practiced by governments or by individuals and corporations providing public services." The Court's error, in Mr. Holland's view, was illuminated only by the dissent of Justice Harlan, and Mr. Thomas substantially concurs. "Justice Harlan understood, as did Lincoln," Mr. Thomas writes in the *Howard Law Journal*, "that his task was to bring out the best of the Founders' arguments regarding the universal principles of equality and liberty."

And logically so. If equality as the Jaffa school understands it is the premise of American government, then it must be universal and uncompromising in its application. Mr. Jaffa's faction has manufactured a rationale by which any social or individual act, if it can be shown to involve "discrimination" and therefore to perpetuate some supposititious "badge of slavery," can be extirpated by the state on the grounds that it violates the imperative of equality that Mr. Jaffa and his academy of astrologers spy in their metaphysical zodiac. Not just the segregation of public facilities but also any private choice that reflects a desire for racial homogeneity: choosing to live in a white neighborhood, to send one's children to a white school, or merely to associate with other white people. These, in the absolutist *Weltanschauung* of the Jaffa-ites, are not matters of individual preference but transgressions of the egalitarian message the school sees carved in the face of the heavens.

How far the Jaffa school in general and Mr. Thomas in particular are willing to carry the ideological mission they have shouldered is not clear, but two warning signs should be posted. First, regardless of how far they wish to carry it themselves, the country today is full of crackpots and demagogues who are eager to push the implications of equality to the limit and beyond. Second, the Jaffa doctrines do nothing to resist or to challenge these implications or their champions. Indeed, it is the proudest boast of Mr. Jaffa's adherents that the tree of equality will bear much larger fruit if it is planted in the soil of "natural rights" rather than in the sociological compost heap of the egalitarian left.

But the tree is the same species nonetheless and is scarcely to be distinguished from the egalitarianism of the left. It is no less and perhaps even more revolutionary and totalitarian in its implications, and serious conservatives ought to understand and repudiate it as strongly as they do the more common variety that Thurgood Marshall and his own school leave behind them.

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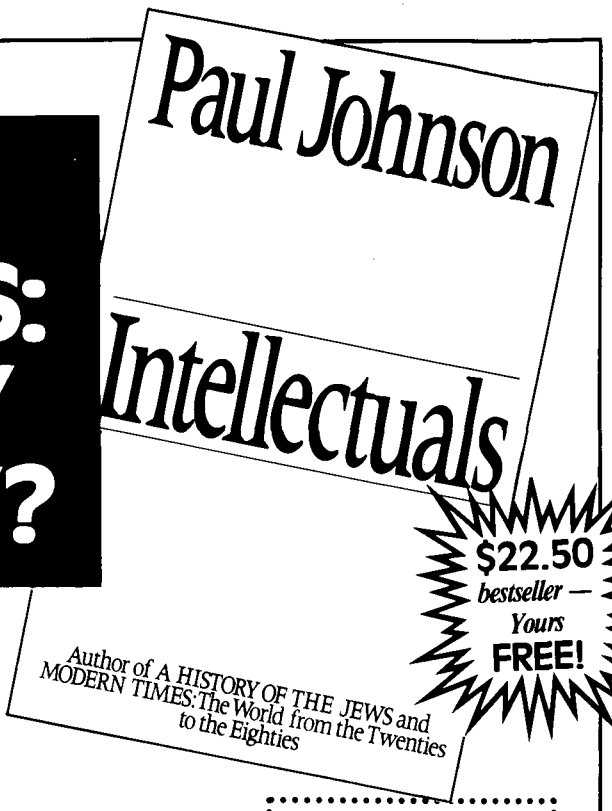

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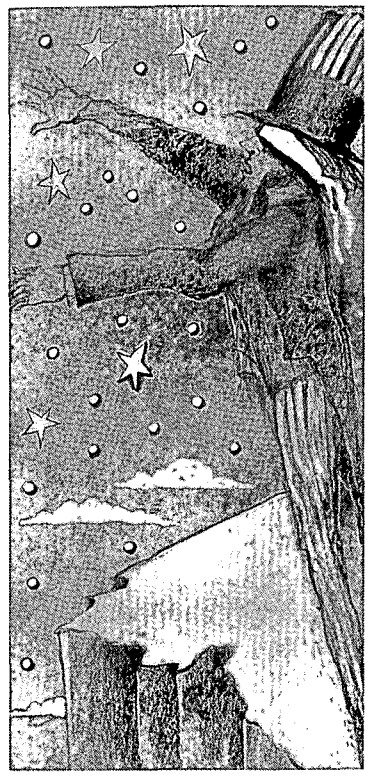

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

America, From Republic to Ant Farm

by Thomas Fleming

In July I took my four children back to the South Carolina village in which they had spent their earliest years. The most frequent topics of conversation were still, in order, Hurricane Hugo and its aftermath, a public school controversy that appeared to pit blacks against whites but really concerned the ambitions of a New York "intellectual" who wanted to change the character of a community that had accepted him into its midst, and, finally, the inevitable growth of the village as Charleston, swollen with refugees from Ohio, spreads up along the coast.

I spoke with an artist who had been given the task of drawing up a plan for controlled development, and he expressed the hope that the village could retain its character as a community that mixed black and white, rich and poor, shrimpers and lawyers. What the artist really wanted to talk about was a series of paintings depicting the activities of shrimpers, crabbers, and oystermen whose way of life was rapidly disappearing. "The problem is," he explained, waving his hand across a vista of palmettos and oaks, flowers and marsh grass as if it were a painting, "the problem is, we are in the midst of all this beauty. Everybody wants to live here, but there is a finite supply of prime coastal property."

It was the Rev. Thomas Malthus who first recognized that population growth exacerbated the competition for scarce resources. His theory was expressed in a pair of simple sentences: "Population, when unchecked, increases in a geometrical ratio. Subsistence only increases in an arithmetical ratio." Although Malthus's formula failed to consider the consequences of technological change and economic growth, his insight gave Charles Darwin the key to understanding the process of natural selection. In the competition for scarce resources, it is the winners who survive, propagate, and pass on their characteristics.

Today, the population debate is dominated by two opposing views, neither of which fully appreciates the significance of Malthus and Darwin. On one side are the Pollyannas, led by Julian Simon, who think that modern man can continue to stay one step ahead of the Malthusian sheriff, so long as he continues to develop new technologies and devote himself to economic growth. On the other side are the Chicken Littles, whose champion is Paul Ehrlich, who have set themselves against all human increase to the point that they are against life itself. For Simon, it doesn't matter whether America grows by having babies or importing aliens, while Ehrlich points the finger of blame at the Vatican (particularly the profound encyclical *humanae vitae*) and refuses to distinguish between the American middle class and the beggars of Calcutta.

Neither Simon nor Ehrlich is asking the right question, which is not, What is good for the world or for the global

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economy? The primary object of American national policy is the good of the American people and the health of the civilization we have imported from Europe. Obviously, an Earth on which human life is extinct would not be a desirable situation, but the immediate problems facing the United States are of a more specific kind. We, along with our European cousins, are in a competition for the world's resources, and the survival of our cultural characteristics depends upon the outcome of that competition. In this light, we need to examine the relationship between population growth and political change. We also need to decide, before it is too late, whose side our government is on in this question.

Let us begin at the beginning, by looking at the influence of population growth upon the development of political institutions in general, the state in particular. In political anthropology, the origin of the state has been the subject of lively controversy and the object of many theories. There are aggression and conflict theories (Oppenheim), irrigation and bureaucracy theories (Wittfogel), and growth and evolution theories (Aristotle, Elman Service). Increasingly it has been recognized that no one approach is sufficient to account for all the varied state-formations that have taken place in human history, and the nearest thing to a consensus is represented by Ronald Cohen at Northwestern.

For Cohen, population growth per se is a necessary but not sufficient cause of that concentration of power we moderns call the state. Ecological circumstances and external threats also play a part, but there is no denying the importance of population increase. Robert Carneiro has probably put forward the most elegant paradigm for the process. For Carneiro, the secret lies in the principle known as Gause's law of competitive exclusion, which has been stated by Garrett Hardin in just four words: "Complete competitions cannot exist," which is to say that no two species or human groups can occupy the same ecological niche. One competitor will always exterminate (or expel) the other. Population growth puts pressure on inter-group rivalries as different societies attempt to make use of essential resources. In this competition, a society is driven to organize its powers for victory, hence the genesis of the state. Competitors may imitate the example and form their own rival state, but through the millennia the effect of competition has been to increase the size of political entities and to decrease their numbers.

Population pressures do not cease to operate, once a state has been formed. On the contrary, these pressures are a fundamental part of all social organization. Chimpanzees have a generally loose social organization, but when larger groups are formed, the structure becomes more authoritarian and more hierarchical. Colin Turnbull has observed a similar process at work among the Mbuti pygmies. The Mbuti ordinarily travel about in small groups of kith and kin and rely upon only the most informal types of social pressure to maintain order. However, when larger groups collect to gather honey, even the pygmies begin to employ more formal methods of social control.

To understand what goes on, imagine an unspoiled beach, visited occasionally by picnickers, swimmers, surfers, and fishermen. At first, hardly anyone goes there, and there is no need to squabble over rights, but as the place catches on and more and more people are going to the beach on the same day, an inevitable tension develops among surfers, swimmers, and fishermen. Litter left by thoughtless picnickers becomes a problem. The cry goes up that the beach is getting crowded and polluted, and decent families are menaced by irresponsible hooligans on surfboards. The state begins passing ordinances: no fires on the beach, no nude sunbathing, swimming only in designated areas, no food or beverages. Despite the ordinances, the numbers increase, and the state has recourse to parking fees and charges more for nonresidents. And so it goes.

The response of the Pollyannas to this scenario is to shout hooray. More people means a higher total index of pleasure. More people get to enjoy the beach in different ways. Some get to fish or collect shells, while others get to listen to Walkman stereos. (Growth buffs refuse to admit that some pleasures are higher than others or even that my desire for peaceful solitude conflicts with your addiction to noise.) I recently attended a conference on environmentalism that pitted mostly liberal journalists against the disciples of Julian Simon. Whenever a liberal pointed out that increased populations were degrading the environment and putting a strain on the world's resources, one "conservative" journalist invariably responded with the great success story of Hong Kong. Look at how so many people are making so much money. But, as the liberals always insisted, that does not answer the question of Hong Kong's environment or its dependence on the rest of the world for food and raw materials. Privately, one of the liberals asked me if anyone in his right mind would be willing to live in Hong Kong, if there were any alternative but Communist China.

Increased numbers seem to lead inevitably to increased complexity and organization. That, at any rate, is the general opinion among sociologists who study the phenomenon of growth. In modern times, more people leads to more "subsystems"—organizations and associations that handle tasks that might have been handled, in former days, by family and church. On the frontier, a family raised its own food, reared its own children, made its own clothes. Today, it is likely to turn over all these functions to a variety of commercial and governmental organizations, which continue to grow, fission, and proliferate in response to continued population growth.

While population growth does lead, at least in modern times, to greater productivity, growing organizations do not invariably become more productive and more efficient. Greater size and complexity in a society's systems render them more unwieldy, more bureaucratic, less sensitive to change, less able to communicate between the various parts. To counter this tendency, modern management techniques were devised, separating off the function of management from that of production.

Dartmouth sociologist Stanley Uddy in his contribution to a collection of essays on *Societal Growth* endorses the current complaint that nothing works anymore and argues that increased complexity leads inevitably to decreased performance. Unfortunately, the managerial remedies invented to combat the problem no longer work as well, and further growth will make systems more interdependent and organizations harder to manage.

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There are natural limits to the size and scope of all social organizations. Primitive societies often cannot extend beyond a hundred members without breaking up into smaller groups. Modern techniques of distribution, communication, and political control have allowed fairly small elite classes to manage rather large territories, although it now appears that the Soviet Union was too large for the organizational carrying capacity of the Communist Party. The United States almost broke apart in the 1860's, and our continued growth in population and complexity may make some form of fissioning as necessary as it is attractive.

There are other scenarios. In a recent essay (*Population and Politics Since 1750*), William H. McNeill has explored the political consequences of the accelerated rate of population growth in 18th-century Europe. Going from a growth rate of about 0.2 percent per annum, the rate jumped up to between 0.5 and 1.5 percent. In England "improving" landlords were able to organize agriculture on a more rational plan, while England's economic and industrial growth managed—just barely—to defuse a growing social revolution. In France, the ruling class was not so lucky. French traditions made it more difficult for farmers and landlords to modernize agricultural methods, and the growth in French rural population meant not only food shortages but also a large number of peasant sons who could not find work in the country. The result, put simply, was the French Revolution, which solved the population problem by drafting the young men.

America had had its own revolution—or rather secession—a few years before, sounding a new variation on ancient European themes. In the beginning we were a thinly settled people along a narrow strip of seaboard, but even the modest civility of Philadelphia and Charleston was unknown to the inhabitants of the backcountry who spent their lives in a search for fresh game and rich land. The most typically American heroes, in life as well as in fiction, were men who (like Daniel Boone) could not bear the sight of smoke rising from a neighbor's chimney and had to light out for the territories, whenever they had a surfeit of order and gentility. The frontier was an escape valve for the restless, and even in my father's generation there were men (my father included) who were able to hunt and fish their way across North America.

Today, our fishermen invest tens of thousands into high-tech gear and handsome outfits from Orvis, and there's hardly a Yalie in the country who doesn't make a lovely cast with a fly rod. The sad state of American manhood was brought home to me recently by Michael Pollan, executive editor of *Harper's*. Writing with unconscious irony in the *New York Times Book Review*, Pollan reveals that "Fly-fishing would hold little appeal if not for the shelf full of classics that comes with it, and until snowmobiling or pickerel-fishing acquire a halfway decent literature, people like me will have no trouble leaving them alone." The Ski-doo company ought to run Pollan's statement as an endorsement.

The descent in virility from men like my father to the current crop of literary fly-fishermen is only a small sign of what has been happening. Since the Second World War, we have gone from being a nation of small-town outdoorsmen to a nation of suburbanites who talk about the zen of standing in a trout stream or hand out Greenpeace pamphlets in other people's neighborhoods. When I visit Wisconsin lakes I used to fish as a boy, they are swarming with realtors from the Chicago suburbs. Armed with electronic fish-finders, graphite rods, chemical scents, and sound-emitting lures, they go after the stupid and sluggish walleye with enough technology to bring in a whale. The quiet beach in South Carolina, where our family built an isolated house in the 1960's, was teeming with condos, resorts, and look-alike houses (at least until Hurricane Hugo came along). There is hardly any wilderness or loneliness left in America, only marked trails, parking lots, and campgrounds that look like RV parks. Out in Montana recently with this magazine's books editor, we did some fishing in Yellowstone Park and noted, with some astonishment, how many vacationers stopped to take pictures of our quaint activity. But Mr. Williamson pointed out the one great consolation of places like Yellowstone: they draw the tourists as flies are drawn to a dead carp and take some of the pressure off the rest of Montana.

This is not an exclusively aesthetic or even a moral dilemma. Our political system was developed for an independent populace of farmers and small-town shopkeepers who knew how to mind their own business. Increased population means more government, more police, more regulations. But the no-limits-to-growth Pollyannas have no complaints about this development, either. In fact, they appear not to know what we are talking about. So long as profits continue to rise and the interdependent world economy is prospering, they do not worry about air and water quality, the abuse of precious resources, the loss of wilderness. In one important sense they are right. Their entire world view is based on growth at any cost, which means America must have more and more people to buy more and more useless junk to satisfy their degraded appetites. We have already spent the capital of previous generations and mortgaged our children's destiny (through the growing national debt). The national economy is like the Social Security system: it can only retain the appearance of solvency if more and more taxpaying consumers are recruited as investors. Let us just once falter, and the entire Ponzi scheme of this growth economy will come crashing down.

So far I have confined myself largely to the domestic consequences of population growth. However, expanding societies frequently look for solutions beyond their own borders: conquest and colonization. Imperial methods, McNeill points out, always seem to backfire, because as the master group becomes urbanized and affluent, its population no longer grows. The Roman solution was to incorporate the conquered nations into the imperial system, enfranchising the peoples and ennobling their leaders. What good that was to the old Roman stock and their descendants, it is hard to imagine, and in the later stages of the empire it was hard to find representatives of the old senatorial families among the Roman nobility.

Christian Europe, in the past several centuries, went on an even greater binge of conquest than the Romans and subdued most of the world's surface to its ambitions: the Americas, Africa, India, and much of China. Inevitably, we lost our nerve, symbolized by the will to procreate. In the

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meantime, we had wrought important changes among the native populations we did not eliminate. We introduced modern medicine and improved agricultural methods as well as the political innovations associated with the modern state. The results, as inevitable as our loss of nerve, have been burgeoning Third World populations, followed by plagues and famines that for all our efforts we can only ameliorate without actually preventing or suppressing.

What a mess we Europeans made of things in Asia and Africa, and what a mess we are still making by propping up thugs and subsidizing the population expansion of poor countries while attempting (without success) to modernize their economic systems. Our ultimate solution for the crisis we have created is to throw open the doors to Third World immigrants and invite them to reduce our own level of civilization to that of Nigeria. Ethnic strife in the United States is already at painful levels. What can we expect when the conflict among Asians, blacks, and Hispanics is fueled by massive immigration and a competition for increasingly scarce resources?

Worldwide population growth results in a complicated set of problems for which we must find solutions simple enough for the U.S. Congress to understand. I would like to present a few basic principles (none of them new) to light our way through the labyrinth.

The main principle is to put the needs of America first and Europe second. Humanitarian policies that threaten the vitality of the West are the worst kind of treason. In foreign policy, this should mean a rapid withdrawal of all forms of economic and development assistance to poor nations, particularly those with high rates of population growth. (For this point I am obviously indebted to Garrett Hardin's classic essay on lifeboat ethics as well as to Dr. Tristram Engelhardt's response.)

Western aid, private as well as governmental, has been the cruelest sort of kindness. Most of the money spent has been lapped up by the bureaucrats who make good livings helping the poor and by the corrupt politicians who run nearly every Third World government. What supplies actually reach Africa often turn out to be warm blankets and canned food years past the expiration date. When our medical and food relief does score a success, the only effect is to increase the population of, for example, Ethiopia well beyond the carrying capacity of the environment.

In passing one might ask how a country that can't repair its bridges and roads can afford to subsidize any foreign government, rich or poor. It should also be our national policy to exert as much pressure as we can to discourage foreign governments and international agencies from practicing their lethal charities upon the Third World.

At home, we should give our own people the benefit of this policy, by cutting off all forms of welfare that discourage productivity and encourage irresponsible procreation. The left, which is so fond of handing out other people's money in the form of food stamps, AFDC payments, and subsidized housing, wants to handle the consequences of their folly by encouraging subsidized abortions. But if we quit paying poor women to get pregnant, perhaps we won't have to bribe them to kill their babies.

A little candor on this point would go a long way. I have met many rich Republicans who would be horrified if a member of their family even contemplated an abortion, but who continue to give donations to Planned Parenthood. Is there any grown person in America who claims not to understand? Quite apart from the moral evil of abortion, the rich are missing the point. Planned Parenthood and the other anti-life organizations can do little to stop the population growth of the poor—there is too much counterpressure coming from the government. Where they are successful is in teaching the contraceptive mentality of safe promiscuity to middle-class teenagers, who hear the message of hedonism but forget all the other, more complicated parts about birth control, except the bit about abortion being the safe (to say nothing of effective) birth control of last resort. The very people in America who ought to be forming stable marriages and having two or three children are growing up perverse, selfish, and unwilling to assume the burdens of family life. For the Julian Simons, this presents no problem, because the Third World is like a factory mass-producing cheap labor to be imported to the United States. But those who understand the law of competitive exclusion will have their doubts.

Since the native-born American population is not growing, the main domestic effort should be directed to immigration reform. This is doubly important, since Third World immigrants not only add to the general population pressure but also exacerbate the ethnic rivalries that are already tearing the country apart. A few years ago I took a drive with my family up to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, where some distant relatives of mine used to have a place. We stopped at a state park and wondered why the signs were mostly in Spanish. When we got to the beach, we understood. We were virtually the only Americans there. Most of the Latinos appeared to be having a good time, doing no harm. Viewed in the abstract, it was a colorful scene. But I've been to Mexico, and as much as I like and admire the people there, most of them are not ready for life in the United States, at least not in clean, Germanic Wisconsin. Some of the young men looked at me and my small son as if to say, "What the hell are you doing here? This is our park."

They're right, but internationalization is a two-way street. Puerto Rican nationalists say (so I'm told) that they no longer feel at home in their own country; there are so many signs in English. I understand their point and deplore the "cocacolization" of Europe more than most Europeans do, but we can only work on our own problems, not the world's. (We could start by giving Puerto Rico its independence, whether the Puerto Ricans want it or not.)

But here in the great 48, we can already see the end. As Chicago and Los Angeles and Miami all turn into large-scale versions of Tijuana (or Shanghai or Lagos), and the gentle suburbanites run farther and farther into the countryside they are destroying, there will no longer be even a memory of the kind of Americans who built this country and made it, for a time, a refuge from the historical processes. "Lo, all our pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre."

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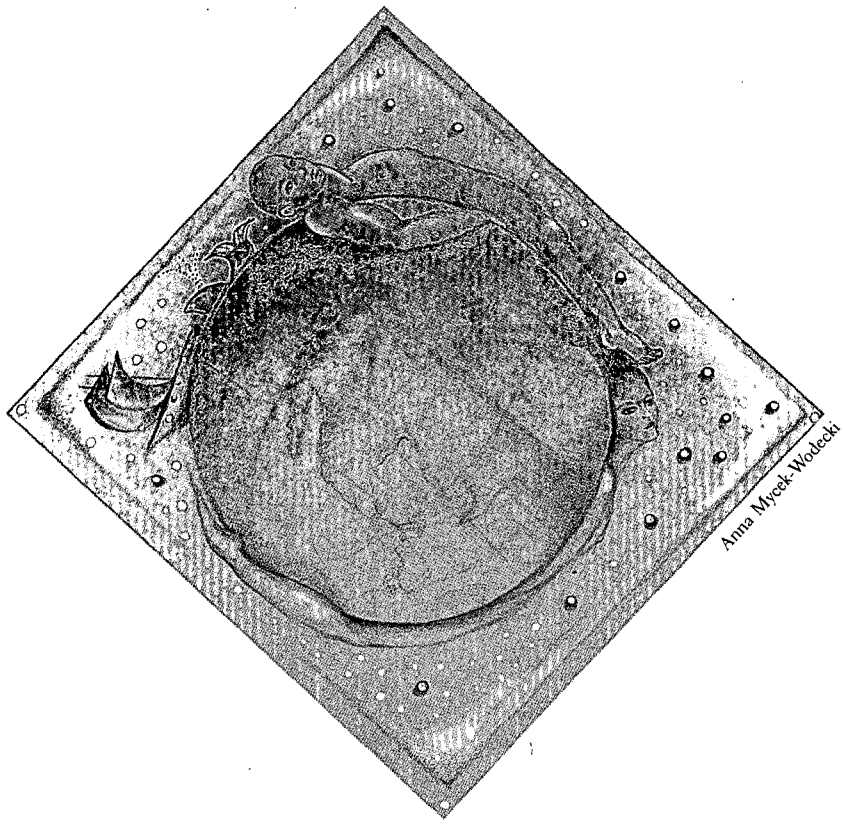

Conspicuous Benevolence and the Population Bomb

by Garrett Hardin

The one certain thing about population control is that we do not yet know how to achieve it. That needs a bit of explaining. If human beings do absolutely nothing about controlling their populations, nature will do it for us, simply because the world—*our* world—is limited. Sure, a few human beings might eventually be shipped off to the stars in a spaceship, but this could never be a feasible way in which to deal with unhindered population growth. At the present time, world population is increasing by a quarter of a million people per day. At a cost of tens of millions of dollars per astral passenger, we will never be rich enough to "solve" the population problem that way.

Never mind: nature will solve the problem for us. The high death rate in countries like Ethiopia, the Sudan, and Bangladesh will (if we sit on our hands) ultimately be great enough to produce zero population growth (ZPG). At present, all that nature is producing is misery. Bangladesh, with an area the size of Iowa, has a population 38 times as great, and each year it adds another Iowa's-worth of population. As miserable as conditions are in Bangladesh now, they are slated to become worse before ZPG sets in. That's not the kind of population control we are looking for.

Some of the European models appeal to us more. From time to time one country or another has been in the ZPG-mode—for a few years. Hungary. East Germany. And recently, apparently, Italy. How did they manage to do this? Not by government fiat: the unsought answer was a housing shortage. A newly married couple moving into a tiny apartment with his or her parents was told in no uncertain terms, *No babies!* By the time they could get an apartment of their own the most fertile years of married life were past. A housing shortage is a great contraceptive—in Europe. But not, obviously, in most tropical countries (whatever the reason).

Garrett Hardin is professor emeritus of human ecology at the University of California at Santa Barbara. His latest book, The Population Maze, *will be published in 1992.*

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In times past, nature enforced ZPG in another way: through "crowd diseases," the mortality rate of which rises with increased crowding. Tuberculosis, typhus, and the dysenteries are good examples. Until about three centuries ago overpopulation was corrected spasmodically by one disease or another sweeping through a region. In the Great Plague of the mid-14th century a quarter of Europe's population is estimated to have died in two years. Then came agricultural improvements, the sanitation movement, and Pasteurian (modern) medicine. The corrective feedback of disease seemed to come to an end.

Will AIDS move us back to an earlier era when "Fate" was in charge? We don't know. Certainly AIDS is a lousy disease: the amount of suffering caused per human death is horrible. Not like cholera, for instance, where most of the victims died in two days' time. (Rather simple measures, treating cholera patients like heatstroke victims, can reduce the mortality from 95 percent to less than 5 percent.) If the disease AIDS is nature's new control for population growth we have much to complain about.

We want something gentler than disease as a controller of population. But what? To date, we have been unable to agree on a substitute. We hope to find some sort of community control of the fertility of individual parents. That's a tough problem for people brought up in the European tradition of individual freedom. We haven't found the answer.

We can make progress if we will settle for less than a total answer. We should try the incremental approach, adopting partial measures that will slow the population growth, giving us more time to look for more general solutions. In dealing with population growth, it is a blessing that the world is divided into nearly two hundred nations. Different nations can try different experiments. By observing the success or failure of other nations we may be able to come up with a model that works for us. (If there were only one sovereignty, One World, then only one experiment could be tried at a time. Given our great ignorance, that would be a frightening gamble.)

In population experiments it is important that each nation experiment only with itself, so it can speedily observe whether an experiment is successful or not. For rich nations like ours the most feasible partial solution is an immediate restriction of immigration. At the present time, immigration accounts for roughly 50 percent of our population growth. So the potential for progress in population control is great if we do nothing more than see to it that the rate of immigration is no greater than the rate of emigration.

Actually, even though such a policy would be aimed only at improving our own situation, it would, indirectly, help other nations control their populations, too. No nation that can foist off its extra people onto other nations is likely to take its population problem seriously. Consider how Castro evaded Cuba's population problem when Jimmy Carter was President. The "Marielitos," the boat people he shoved off onto the United States, totaled some 130,000—which was just one year's population increase for Cuba. Fortunately our administration soon showed a rare display of courage and indicated, "No more!" The Cubans have not, of course, found a solution to their population problem yet, but maybe they will some day—if we (and others) refuse to accept their surplus.

Controlling immigration means controlling borders. To judge from most stories in the newspapers and on television this would seem to be so repugnant a measure that most Americans would reject it. I challenge this assumption. For some ten years opinion surveys have shown that a large majority (typically 80 percent or more) of Americans favor reducing immigration. Why then do the media put a contrary "spin" on their stories of immigrants and immigration? The nation is schizoid about population. Explaining the discrepancy requires an approach that is almost psychoanalytical.

To begin with, there is the Statue of Liberty—"Give me your tired, your poor," *et cetera*. "We are a nation of immigrants," we say. But so is every nation. Our trouble is that we *recently* grew by immigration; we haven't yet realized that childhood can't last forever.

Then there is that glorious banner, "One World." Most people assume this means, "One World, Without Borders." But it should be noted that the United Nations charter, a quintessentially idealistic document, asserts the right of *emigration* but not the right of *immigration*. To claim the latter would, after all, be to assert a right to invade. One-Worlders are not willing to go that far.

Arguments for unrestricted immigration have ancient roots in religion and philosophy. "I am a citizen of the world," said Zeno of Citium in the third century B.C., and the Bible frequently praises universal brotherhood. Opposed to the seductive calls for cosmopolitanism and universal brotherhood have been the equally powerful tribalistic tendencies of mankind. To some extent, people have divided into two camps on the issues of borders and loyalty. Broadly speaking, practical men have favored the limited loyalties of family, tribe, and nation. Universal loyalty has been more enthusiastically promoted by those who are somewhat alienated from the rank and file—by religious prophets and secular scholars.

In generating persuasive rhetoric the One-Worlders have been clear winners over those who would restrict immigration. It is painful to be abused by the emotion-laden terms *prejudice*, *bigotry*, *parochialism*, *xenophobia*, *racism*, *chauvinism*, *intolerance*, and *provincialism*. Those who wish to eradicate restrictionist national loyalties have been greatly helped by two images. The first is that of "Spaceship Earth," based on the great NASA photographs of Earth from space. The second is the heartwarming rhetorical image of Marshall McLuhan's "global village."

In the middle of the 20th century new strength was given to the universalist argument by the threat of atomic bombs. It seemed quite possible that all-out nuclear warfare might extinguish civilization, perhaps even the whole human species. It was argued that since it was the persistence of nation-states that made "the Bomb" so dangerous, we must get rid of nations and create a single world sovereignty.

The proposal is tempting, but Bertrand Russell pointed out its fatal weakness in 1948: "A world state, if it were firmly established, would have no enemies to fear, and would therefore be in danger of breaking down through lack of cohesive force." Many of Russell's readers felt that, for once, Bertie spoke with too much restraint. A single world

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state would be more than merely "in danger of breaking down"; it would be certain to shatter. Driven by the twin engines of self-interest and a craving for friends and allies, an atomized society would be certain to crystallize around new centers—new cliques and new tribes. New loyalties would generate new conflicts.

Toward the end of the 1980's events in Eastern Europe and adjacent Asia poignantly illustrated the truth of Russell's position. After 70 years of nearly unrelieved antagonism, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. smoked a pipe of peace. The Soviet Union, now that she had fewer external enemies to fear, showed signs of breaking apart "through lack of cohesive force," to use Russell's words. Latvia and Lithuania sought liberation. In the south, Georgians struggled for independence, as did the Armenians and Azerbaijanis. Early in 1991 a Soviet attempt to get 15 republics to sign a loyalty oath netted a bare majority of eight. The future was clouded.

This should have been no surprise. Since the United Nations was founded in 1945 many nations have undergone fission. The only substantial fusions of nations have been the undoing of previous fissions, *e.g.*, North and South Yemen into a reborn Yemen; East Germany and West Germany into a reassembled Deutschland.

National fissions, on the other hand, have been legion. Pakistan violently budded off India, with a loss of lives estimated at over a million. Then Bangladesh budded off Pakistan. French Canada is trying to free itself from the rest of Canada. Yugoslavia, ever since its creation by outside forces, has been an unstable association of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes (not to mention the Macedonians, Muslims, and Albanians). Farther east, what price peace for Iraq, with its Kurds and its two kinds of Muslims (Sunni and Shia)? Outside forces that are sometimes adequate for the creation of multi-ethnic nations prove to be impotent in making ethnics love—or even respect—one another. It's hard to see how there will be any peace until passionate ethnic groups are segregated from one another by effective borders.

This is common knowledge, but so opposed is it to the ideas we in America were taught to honor that we are now in the process of destabilizing our own country through the unlimited acceptance of massive immigration. The magic words of the destabilizers are "diversity" and "multiculturalism." Diversity is good, yes: but like all good things, it is possible to have too much of it *in one place*. The telling example of our time is Beirut. For a while the diversity of this city was beautiful and exciting: it was called the Paris of the Mediterranean by the Arab millionaires who flocked to it. But as it grew in population, and as the proportions of the disparate ethnic groups changed, peace vanished. Within the bounds of a single nation the mutual stresses of intolerant groups became too great.

During the first part of the 20th century, immigration to the United States was biased to favor those who were most like the people who created this legal entity—the northern Europeans. The bureau that governed immigration was, significantly, called the Immigration *and Naturalization* Service—"Naturalization" because we old-timers jolly well intended to make the newcomers like ourselves as rapidly as possible.

Then popular anthropology came along with its dogma that all cultures are equally good, equally valuable. To say otherwise was to be narrow-minded and prejudiced, to be guilty of the sin of ethnocentrism. In time, a sort of Marxist-Hegelian dialectic took charge of our thinking: ethnocentrism was replaced by what we can only call *ethnofugalism*—a romantic flight away from our own culture. That which was foreign and strange, particularly if persecuted, became the ideal. Black became beautiful, and prolonged bilingual education replaced naturalization. Immigration lawyers grew rich serving their clients by finding ways around the law of the land to which they (the lawyers) owe their allegiance. Idealistic religious groups, claiming loyalty to a higher power than the nation, openly shielded and transported illegal immigrants.

Illegal immigrants have always been welcomed by employers who want to keep wages low, but employers were usually pretty quiet about what they were doing. With the blessing of some religious groups it is now said that such employers serve a morality higher than the profit motive. With the backing of idealists, simple greed has become sanctimonious greed. Though opinion polls show that the majority of the electorate want more restrictions on immigration, powerful political elements continue to make the borders ever more permeable.

Who is responsible for this mockery of democracy? I am ashamed to admit that it is the group to which I belong, the wordmasters—the people who manipulate words to move the minds of men and women. Unfortunately, the masters of the media have made the field of argument anything but level. How have they done this? And why?

Think how often you see a tear-jerking story in the newspaper or on television about one Pedro Lopez who has just come to America (probably illegally) and is having trouble supporting his wife and four children on his low wages. But do you recall ever seeing a film clip of some Juan Jimenez who has lived in the United States all his life and has lost his job to a new immigrant who will work for less? It's a strangely limited sort of compassion that moves a reporter to see the first sort of needy person, though he is blind to the second. A million immigrants, legal and illegal, enter each year; perhaps two million. And for every million who enter there are at least ten million more who would like to come in. What sort of patriotism is it that causes a reporter to espouse the cause of illegal immigrants while ignoring that of America's own unemployed?

One factor that may contribute to such biased reporting has been suggested by the sociologist James S. Coleman. In the last year of the 19th century the economist Thorstein Veblen taught us that a desire for "conspicuous consumption" was a powerful motivator of much social activity. Once this desire was honestly labeled it was on its way to becoming unfashionable. In our time, says Coleman, *conspicuous benevolence* earns more brownie points than conspicuous consumption. Almost all news commentators practice conspicuous benevolence, and thereby gain a loyal audience. What's wrong with that?

When a million new workers enter a country that already has five million unemployed, where do the million needed jobs come from? In large part they must be jobs that were formerly held by individuals already on the spot. And if, as

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we are told, "Americans don't do dirty work," could this reluctance be because the work doesn't pay well enough? Could the job be re-engineered so that it would be more humanly attractive? (Pushing it off on people of another ethnic group shows scant respect for *their* culture.)

A few statistical studies have been published purporting to show that immigrants pay more in taxes than they take out in benefits. To such astonishing reports one can only say as Benjamin Disraeli said long ago: "There are lies, damned lies, and statistics." Whatever we furnish our new immigrants has to come out of the hide of people who have long been there—the taxpayers. That includes the taxpayers of the same ethnic group as the new immigrants.

Why are we told so little about this by radio, television, or newspaper? One explanation looms over all others: the rice bowls of the wordmasters are not threatened by immigrants. If you are employed at hard labor weeding vegetables, or working long hours making beds, or serving tables in a restaurant, new immigrants threaten to take your job. But if you are one of those who talk into a microphone or write on a word processor, the immigrant from another culture is no threat to you at all. The level of skill required to be a wordmaster is almost beyond the reach of persons who change culture and language as adults. The Pole Joseph Conrad and the Russian Vladimir Nabokov were exceptions. Can you name another?

Adults who try hard can learn another language, but seldom well enough to make a living in the media. Since the media people are never threatened with unemployment by incoming migrants, they find it difficult to imagine what it would be like to be so threatened. It takes imagination to put yourself in the place of a lowly worker in a nonverbal profession. Media masters, with the best will in the world but poor imagination, present a one-sided picture of the consequences of immigration.

Uncontrolled immigration poses still greater dangers, as Daniel Pipes' account of *The Rushdie Affair* reveals. Salman Rushdie, an expatriate from India, made little stir among the general public until the publication of his book *The Satanic Verses* in 1988. This was immediately attacked by Muslims in India, Pakistan, Iran, and elsewhere. In June of the following year an Iranian agency offered a reward of $170,000 to anyone who would assassinate the author. Rushdie, long a resident in England, went into hiding, protected by British security agents. The reward was immediately recognized and condemned as an unparalleled attack on freedom of speech.

Not all the inheritors of freedom of speech recognize how perishable this precious gift is. Many influential Westerners sided with the Muslims. Muslims in England demanded that Rushdie's book be declared in violation of British laws against blasphemy, but British officials pointed out that these laws referred only to blasphemy against the state religion, Christianity.

At this point a Tory MP led a delegation of Muslims to the Home Office to lobby for an extension of the blasphemy laws to cover Islam. The archbishop of Canterbury agreed with the petitioners. In America Jimmy Carter, a born-again Christian, did not go that far, but he did urge that we should all be "sensitive to the concern and anger" of Muslims. At this point the American philosopher Michael Walzer pointed out that, if this trend in religious thinking continued, blasphemy would become an ecumenical crime. A fine idea, said Iran's ambassador to Greece: "Reverence for people's beliefs should be the cornerstone of international relations."

One can grant that it is no more than prudent to word genuinely *inter*national communications so as to show no disrespect for other people's beliefs, but is it wise to hog-tie *intra*national communications with the restrictions imposed by distant religious authorities? Among the minor religions practiced in Iran is Zoroastrianism (called Parsiism in India). There are about one hundred thousand Parsis in India and fifty thousand Zoroastrians in Iran. Suppose an Englishman or an American made blasphemous remarks about Ahura Mazda, the Zoroastrian god: should the non-Zoroastrian be jailed in his own country?

If blasphemy were to be made an ecumenical crime we would soon become painfully aware that there are thousands of religious sects in the world. Nothing shows more clearly the folly of conceiving the world as a "global village." One of the major characteristics of a village is limited tolerance. In "One World" there would be no place for heterodoxy, no tolerance for freedom of speech. Perhaps we should erect a monument to Salman Rushdie as the First Outlaw of the Global Village.

More than tolerance and freedom of speech may some day be involved in conflicts of this sort. The specter of genocide must be exorcised. Not many people realize that there are two forms of this crime. Active genocide is the sort one first thinks of—Hitler killing six million Jews. But there is another form—more subtle, less obvious, but potentially equally effective—that we may call *passive genocide*. The way this works was recently revealed in three remarks by Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, the speaker of the Iranian parliament: "One billion [Muslims] will become 2 billion tomorrow and 3 billion the day after tomorrow." "You [in the West] are afraid of our cultural presence in your countries." "[Islam] is the sole determinant of man's future course." Translated bluntly: "We Muslims are going to outbreed you."

Diversity within the borders of a single state can become too great for the survival of all the competing ethnic groups. But, if borders are kept intact, diversity among nations is tolerable.

Since the principal international conflict in the Rushdie affair was between Britain and Iran, let's compare the two. Their populations are almost identical: 54 million in Iran vs. 57 million in the United Kingdom. But the rates of increase of the two populations are strikingly different. The Iranian population is now doubling in size every 20 years; the United Kingdom will take 290 years to double if it holds to its present course. At the end of a single 290-year period, if present trends continue, Iranians would be more than ten

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thousand times as numerous as the British!

This is ridiculous, of course, this conclusion to which mere algebra has led us. Present trends will *not* continue, for many reasons. If present trends in the world as a whole were to continue for 290 years the total population would be some 900 billion people. Not even the most "optimistic" growth-promoters say the world population will ever be that large. (The space now occupied by one person would then have to accommodate 170 persons.) But even though growth trends cannot be that long maintained, comparative trends are important because they reveal the pressures created by reproductive differences between cultures.

If two cultures compete for the same bit of "turf" (environment), and if one of the populations increases faster than the other, then year by year the population that is reproducing faster will increasingly outnumber the slower one. If, "other things being equal," there are advantages to being numerous, then in time the slowly reproducing population will be displaced by the fast one. This is passive genocide. It may be that no one is ever killed; but the genes of one group replace the genes of the other. That's genocide.

If the competition between groups were governed by a completely laissez-faire philosophy, genocide might pose no danger, because great fertility can produce great poverty. Poverty greatly increases infant mortality. In laissez-faire demographic competition, a fluctuating balance between competing populations might be reached.

But one of the implications of a "spaceship" world with its ideal of universal brotherhood is that nice people don't allow children to die of malnutrition and disease anywhere in the world. Practicing conspicuous benevolence, the rich send food to the poor, never having the nerve to ask the fertile poor to mitigate their reproductive extravagance. Alternatively, the rich may dismantle their national borders and invite the poor and fertile in to enjoy their greater riches.

At first, spokesmen for immigrants may demand nothing more than a tolerance of other ways of doing things, but as their numbers increase the immigrants may demand that anything that they forbid should be forbidden to all of society. (Thus did the Muslims behave in England in the Rushdie case.) The fertile immigrants will put pressure on the diminishing proportion of the rich and less fertile to change *their* culture. What is blasphemy to the immigrants must become blasphemy to all. As for that much touted virtue of "diversity," it is clear that great diversity can lead to great repression.

The Rushdie affair has shown us that freedom of religion and freedom of speech are not necessarily compatible. Paradoxical as it may sound, the virtue of tolerance does not include tolerance of intolerance. Diversity within the borders of a single state can become too great for the survival of all the competing ethnic groups. But, if borders are kept intact, diversity among nations is tolerable. We can, with equanimity, observe the working out of different ideals, different images of the good life in other countries. From time to time we may conclude that their ways are superior to ours, and set about changing our ways. (Alternatively, they may learn from us.)

Still, any separation of nations rightly worries thoughtful people. They remember what strict separation cost the Japanese during the Tokugawa regime. From 1603 to 1868 Japan was virtually closed to the outside world. Whatever internal stability this may have fostered, it came at a high price: Japan fell behind the rest of the world in science and technology. When the doors were finally opened again it took nearly a century—until after the Second World War—for Japan to catch up.

But closing the doors to immigrants does not mean closing the doors to ideas. Visits can be encouraged both ways, and it is possible to see to it that most visits do not change into permanent residence. Study abroad encourages the exchange of ideas, particularly because so much of the visiting is done by young adults who are most open to new ideas. The ideal world is one that is differentiated into many separate cultures, spatially separated from each other by secure national boundaries so that each group is free to develop its own peculiar qualities, free of the stress that comes from forcing incompatible cultures to live cheek by jowl. Diversity is maximized between nations, minimized within nations. Borders can be permeable to ideas even when they are almost completely impermeable to would-be permanent immigrants.

There's an old folk saying that covers all this: *Good fences make good neighbors*. Robert Frost mocked this aphorism in a well-known poem, but his own life was largely governed by this principle. A peaceful, borderless global village is an impossibility. But a *globe of villages* can, if we keep our fences in repair, endure and enrich our lives. ◈

Number One

by Richard Moore

All day that great man sits and thinks.
Well, as they say, still water stinks.
    Though it shines, thickens,
    everyone sickens
who fills his cup with it and drinks.

Why so? It's witty, often quotable.
O, in its proper views it's notable,
    nevertheless
    the whole vile mess
is all self, self and—yes!—impotable.

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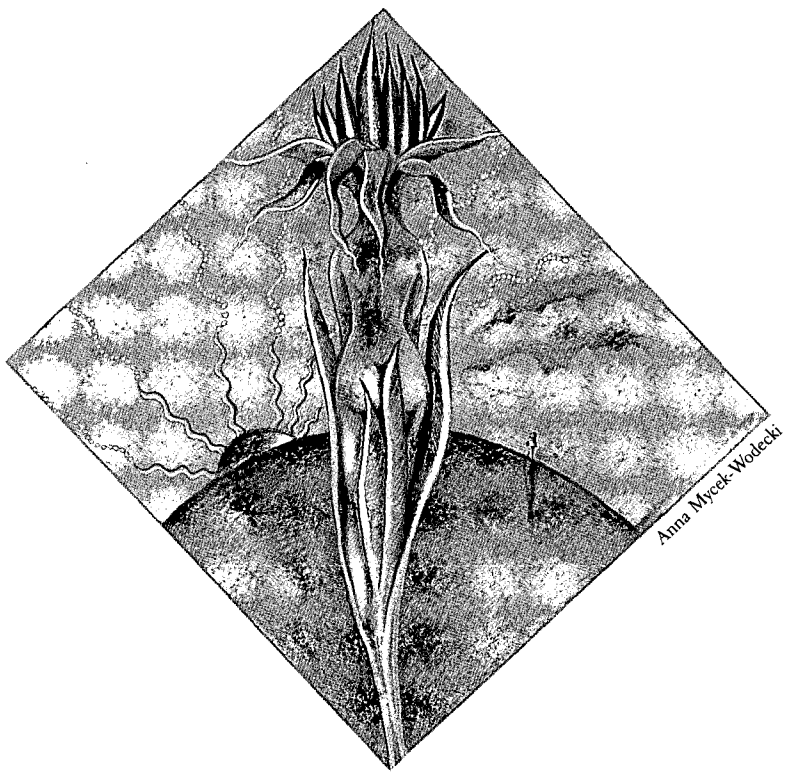
A Nation of Davids

Population Control and the Environment

by Jacqueline R. Kasun

". . . Ahaz . . . did not that which was right in the sight of the Lord . . . he . . . made his son to pass through the fire . . . he sacrificed and burnt incense in the high places, and on the hills, and under every green tree."
—II Kings 16:2-4



"The problems of feeding ever-growing populations" are leading to "tropical forests . . . being cleared at the rate of between 50 and 100 acres per minute," according to the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID), which lobbies for and administers the foreign aid of the United States. At this rate, "today's forests could be cut in half by 2035 and gone entirely by the end of the next century," the agency quotes a curator at the Smithsonian Institution, which is also supported by the federal government, as saying.

The deforestation crisis is spawning other environmental crises, according to the agency: "The burning of tropical forests pumps nearly 1 billion tons of carbon dioxide into the air each year . . . causing . . . global warming . . . [and] a rise in the sea level . . . because of the melting of glaciers and polar ice caps." Global warming will raise sea levels, so that "most U.S. coastal lowlands . . . would be flooded. . . . The . . . nation of the Maldives would be entirely submerged." Moreover, "deforestation . . . causes soil erosion" which will affect "half of the world's population" and will lead to "desertification and spreading wastelands." And, as if all this were not enough, in these tropical forests which "are home to more than half the world's plants and animals . . . each day as many as 140 species of plants and animals may be disappearing."

Believing that these catastrophes result from trying to feed "ever-growing populations" makes it easier to believe in the wisdom of AID's efforts to control population growth in the countries receiving U.S. foreign aid. Requiring a foreign government to promise (as, for example, in the 1988 contract between AID and Costa Rica) that it will try to reduce its crude birthrate to 28/1000 might seem to be a tad nosy, were it not for the exigencies of the environment. Requiring the government of Costa Rica to provide sex education to its population of school-age children and to achieve a "contraceptive prevalence rate at 70 percent by 1992" might seem a bit officious, did we not know that this is saving the polar ice caps.

In a word, the environment is proving to be the best excuse yet for imposing population control. And just in time, too, since the earlier threats of resource exhaustion

Jacqueline R. Kasun is a professor of economics at Humboldt State University in Arcata, California, and the author of The War Against Population: The Economics and Ideology of World Population Control *(Ignatius).*

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and economic stagnation and starvation that were supposed to result from population growth have not materialized. AID is only one of many government-funded agencies that are now gathering at the altar of Mother Earth. Right alongside AID and the Sierra Club, the Audubon Society, Zero Population Growth, and the National Wildlife Federation at the new holy mysteries are, to name a few of the organizers of the typical environmental event, representatives of Planned Parenthood, the Population Reference Bureau, and the World Bank.

However, the promoters of this belief make two errors—their claims about the state of the environment are highly questionable, and their claim that "overpopulation" is the cause of environmental degradation has no basis in fact.

Forests still cover almost a third of the earth's land surface, the same share as in 1950, and there is no statistically verifiable trend in the temperature of the atmosphere or the number of species or the much belabored stratospheric ozone layer, although a multitude of voices insist that cataclysmic changes will soon overcome us. This is not to deny that pollution and traffic jams are not big problems in many places, but this is not global climate change.

One reason it has been so easy to argue that the earth is "overpopulated" is that now, as always, most people live in crowded conditions, not because of lack of space—we actually occupy only about 1 percent of the earth's area—but because we need to work together, to buy and sell, to give and receive services from one another.

Urbanization is, of course, increasing throughout the world, as rising agricultural productivity has made it possible for a smaller proportion of farmers to feed a growing proportion of city workers. Increasing urbanization makes us feel more crowded at the same time as it discourages the raising of large families. Unlike a farm wife, a city mother cannot raise her children while she works. She has to sacrifice income in order to raise them. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the developed countries, zero or negative population growth is already at hand, while in the less developed world it is approaching at a rate that will bring it about well before the end of the next century, if present trends continue.

Knowing this, the more forthright of the environmentalists frankly admit that they are aiming for a substantial *reduction* in world population. Paul Ehrlich, for example, has called for world population to be reduced to "perhaps" one-fifth its present size. Herman Daly, who works for the World Bank, has called for government licensing to limit births to levels consistent with a stationary or, better yet, declining population. The U.N. Fund for Population Activities gave an award to the Chinese one-child family program that features compulsory abortion.

Wild stories (and frightening pictures) of "deforestation" appear regularly in the media. Making my home in northern California, I meet people who are worried about "cutting down the last redwoods" wherever I go. The fact is, there are two million acres of redwoods in California. More than two hundred thousand acres are in public parks and forests where they will never be cut. This includes ninety thousand acres of so-called "old growth"—that is, the oldest giant trees.

Forty percent of the land area of the state is in forest, and the growth of timber in the state is 27 percent greater than the amount cut. A redwood tree will grow out of its own stump, and when it is 30 years old it will be 80 feet high and 16 inches in diameter. What the public doesn't understand is that when the environmentalists talk about saving the "last of the redwoods" they mean the last of the dwindling number of trees that are still available for logging, a number that is, indeed, rapidly declining as more and more of the trees are taken into parks.

Several years ago environmentalists announced that the spotted owl can only live in "old-growth" redwoods and that therefore all such forests should be off limits to logging. When several biologists showed that the owl was nesting in all kinds of coastal forest, the environmentalists insisted that this was no excuse for logging old growth but rather an argument for preserving trees of all ages. Accordingly, in April of this year the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service announced its plan to protect the spotted owl by placing 11.6 million acres of Pacific Coast forests, an area as big as Massachusetts and Vermont, under draconian restrictions. Not only does this threaten to destroy the coastal timber industry and its many supporting communities in California, Oregon, and Washington, but it will impose significant costs on lumber users throughout the nation. In June of 1990 the Sierra Club and other environmentalist groups were opposing the logging of dead trees that had been killed by the drought in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Not only do the new defenders of nature fail to acknowledge that trees and owls grow and reproduce, but they misconstrue the relationship between population growth and environmental stress. People in many places in Africa pull up young trees without replanting, not because of overpopulation in that largely empty continent (which has one-fifth the population density of Europe), but because no one owns the trees and therefore no one can expect to benefit in the future from a tree that he plants now. Industrial pollution in Silesia darkened the sky and caused cancer not because of Polish "overpopulation" (there are half as many Poles per square mile in Poland as Germans in western Germany), but because factories could meet their centrally planned output quotas more easily by not using pollution control equipment. The Chernobyl nuclear accident could not have been prevented by providing more and better condoms to the Russians, in whose vast and empty country levels of pollution are 10 to 100 times as high as in the West. The problem was, in all cases, one of *behavior* in response to *incentives*, not one of numbers.

Governments that have a sincere interest in protecting the environment can do so whenever they choose to provide the appropriate incentives, regardless of the size or rate of growth of the population. But the environment now serves a number of purposes that have little to do with saving the trees or the air or the whales. There are fortunes to be made in reporting and combating the various crises. Apparently no threat or proposal is too fantastic to generate hundreds of thousands or even millions of dollars in government grants. Above all, no better excuse for denying basic civil rights has ever appeared. If it's a question of the ozone layer, who cares about liberty?

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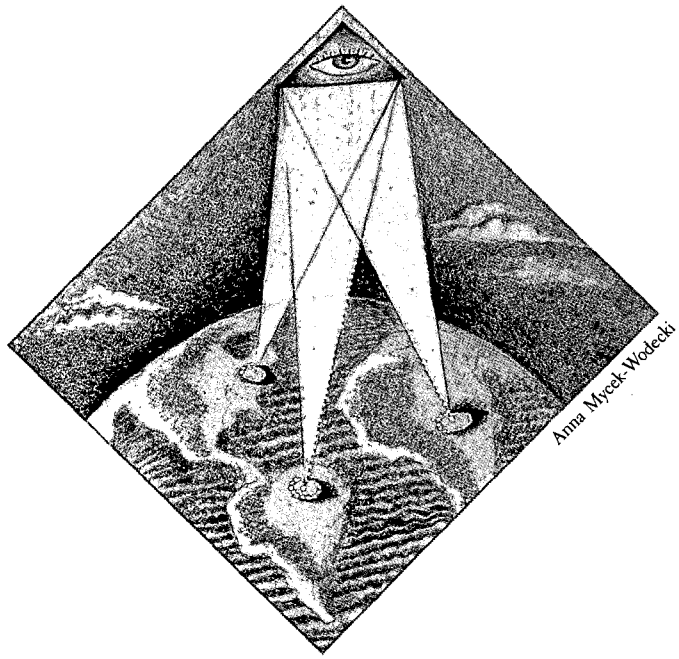
The New Wealth of Nations

by Richard D. Lamm



I have just returned from a trip around the world; a trip where among other things I explored why certain nations succeed brilliantly and other nations stumble along in poverty with marginal economies.

In previous travels to South America, I accepted the standard south-of-the-border excuse that its poverty and problems were caused by "Yankee Imperialism." It sounded logical and was reinforced by my (then) orthodox liberalism that had to find "victims" and "oppressors." "Poor Mexico —so close to the United States, so far from God," spoke for all of South America.

I also assumed that this complaint was too universal, too passionate, not to contain truth. Likewise, Africans have for all essential purposes a single excuse for their poverty: colonialism. They would have successful countries but for European domination. All of this was reinforced in my mind and theirs by the U.S. academic community. The "dependency theory" is the standard academic explanation and teaches that many of the developing countries are being held back and oppressed by the developed countries, and that *their* poverty can be largely explained by *our* wealth.

But time and experience made me at first skeptical, then antagonistic, to these explanations. I was greatly influenced by reading Larry Harrison's powerful book, *Underdevelopment Is a State of the Mind*, where he brilliantly compares Argentina with Australia, Haiti with Barbados, and Nicaragua with Costa Rica. He postulates that failure is "homegrown." Essentially updating Max Weber's *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, Harrison shows how culture can "either facilitate or get in the way of development." He went to Latin America with the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID), and acknowledges that economic development is a mix of many factors, but his thesis is that the single most important one—culture—is rarely discussed. I made his thesis my travel companion on a recent visit to Latin America, Africa, India, and Asia, and found it immensely useful in explaining various levels of economic success and failure in those areas.

A new equation is slowly emerging that helps explain the wealth of nations: a theory that emphasizes culture and values. Classic economic development theory looked at many factors in examining national power, but emphasizes the presence of natural resources. A country without iron ore, coal, oil, or substantial other natural resources could not become a modern economic power. A dated but classic economic study on Italy showed that while Rome once ruled the globe, in the modern economic world, Italy did not have sufficient natural resources to become a major industrial power. By extension (though not covered in the study), Japan, Taiwan, and Hong Kong could never become major economic players. Wealth, when it was not plundered from someone else, was homegrown and created out of indigenous natural resources.

But Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, and Hong Kong (and others) have shown us that it is the human resources that play the greatest role in economic development—not the natural resources. Nations poor in natural resources can substitute human resources for coal and iron ore and still become wealthy and prosperous. Renewable human skills are more important than the one-time inheritance of natural resources.

These new industrial models often import raw materials

Richard D. Lamm is a former governor of Colorado and director of the Center for Public Policy and Contemporary Issues at the University of Denver.

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thousands of miles across oceans, turn them into goods and products and ship them back to the source of the natural resources where they are sold at a profit. "Adding value" to natural resources is much more profitable than producing the natural resources in the first place.

This new equation does not argue that human resources are everything. Obviously, a collectivist system or totalitarian government can squelch even a skilled and motivated work force. North Korea's poverty flows from a flawed economic and political system—change those factors and I suggest North Korea will do well. East Germany differed from West Germany because of a dysfunctional political and economic system. But note that even communism cannot completely suppress German industriousness. East Germany had the most prosperous economy in the Eastern Bloc. China and Taiwan share the same cultural traits, but China is governed by a flawed economic and political concept that prevents it from duplicating Taiwan's success.

A handful of countries have such rich inheritances of natural resources that they are wealthy by inheritance. Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and United Arab Emirates did not earn or create their wealth. They inherited it. Their experience has little applicability elsewhere.

In the non-totalitarian world, I suggest that Larry Harrison has correctly articulated the underdiscussed and underrated factors in determining the success of nations: culture, values, and attitudes. He is not alone. James Fallows, in his book *More Like Us*, observes: "In the long run, habits, values, and behavior of ordinary people determine national strength." Senator Patrick Moynihan similarly states, "The central conservative truth is that it is culture, not politics, that determines the success of a society." The more I observe the world, the more these words make sense to me.

How do I use the word "culture"? Let us use George Stuart's definition in *People and Places of the Past* (1983), where he defines culture as "the learned patterns of behavior that dictate how people organize themselves, what they believe, and the ways they make and do things." Or better, perhaps, is the classic definition of Sir Edward Burnett Tylor, the founder of modern anthropology:

The principal variable that separates the success of Hong Kong and Taiwan from the poverty of Brazil and Kenya is culture. The values and attitudes that people bring to a particular experience are of overwhelming importance.

"Culture . . . is that complex whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, law, custom and any other capabilities and habits acquired by man as a member of society." Culture is the "learned" behavior that we acquire as a member of a society.

Economic development does not take place in a vacuum. Human beings are creatures whose behavior is molded by culture, customs, and the institutions built by the culture into which they are born. "We build our buildings," says Winston Churchill, "then they build us." Exactly! "The mold which gives individual action a collective aspect are the working rules or culture."

This, then, is my thesis: those cultures which stress education, delayed gratification, a work ethic, the acquisition of skills, etc. have an incredible advantage over those which do not. Those countries and cultures which have built institutions that recognize merit in advancement (what you know, rather than who you know), political stability, and which instill in their people a desire for education and self-betterment are the countries that have succeeded in the new international marketplace. Success and performance are closely linked to attitudes and values. Understand the difference in attitudes and values, and you will much better understand the difference in performance.

Culture is difficult to discuss in academic circles because it offends the liberal orthodoxy. Attacking a people's culture is thought to be as bad as attacking their race. We buy into "cultural relativism," in which all cultures are assumed to be equal. I suggest that all cultures deserve respect and understanding, but they are not all equal. It is not doing Africa a favor to reinforce the concept that the legacy of colonialism is holding it back. It is internal factors that the Africans must correct—not external factors. Tribalism in Africa better explains Africa's dilemma than colonialism, though the roots of poverty and wealth are multidimensional. But we do a grave injustice to our friends when we reinforce their excuses. Nations, like individuals, love to blame others for their faults. It's a human response. I believe, however, that nations in trouble will not get better until they admit the real nature of their problems and take responsibility for their own weaknesses.

Some will say I dramatically understate the negative effects of colonialism. Perhaps. Schopenhauer wisely observes: "Every man confuses the limits of his mind for the limits of the world." But common sense tells me that colonialism is more of an excuse than an explanation. It excuses much; it explains little. If colonialism is to be blamed for most of Africa's ills, we should observe a similar impact wherever colonialism has put down roots. If colonialism is a "dependent variable," then it must leave its nasty legacy wherever it has existed. Yet many countries have treated colonialism as a hurdle—not a barrier. They made use of the advantages of colonialism and were not defeated by the negatives.

European colonialism in Africa interrupted and disrupted traditional African societies; it exploited and divided tribes. In certain cases, like Portugal and Belgium, the colonizing countries were particularly brutal and cruel to the local people. Nowhere was colonialism without its abuses. On the other hand, colonialism also left Africa with incredible assets, like better health, education, literacy, infrastructure, and whole economies that were developed by the colonialists and passed on to the newly independent nations. European colonialism in Africa was nowhere as harsh as Japanese and Chinese colonialism was in Korea, and in Africa it lasted 60 years; in Korea, hundreds of years. Yet South Korea left colonialism behind, and has prospered.

Korea's per capita GNP in 1961 stood at $82 (U.S.)—near the bottom of the international income scale. "It had all the problems of a resource poor, low income developing

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country with the bulk of its population dependent on scarce farmland for bare subsistence," according to one standard guide book. Today, Korea is universally recognized as an economic miracle. Why? Some say because the United States gave foreign aid. That's true, but it is of small importance. Korea's success is widely written about. Nowhere do I detect but passing mention of foreign aid being a principal or even an important factor. South Korea created its wealth; it helped itself far more than it was helped by others.

Africa has actually received far more foreign aid than Korea (in total dollars, not per capita), but Africa has little to show for it. Between 1960 and 1986, $116 billion was given to sub-Saharan Africa. But, as African writer Hilary Ng Wengo states in *Plundered Eden*:

> [Leaders in Africa] mismanaged economies, squandered national wealth and literally threw away the future of their people as they jostled with one another for personal power and gain.

Korea, on the other hand, leaped out of colonialism. What was its secret? Observers generally cite the high rate of literacy; the motivation of the people and their ability to save, delay gratification, and build for the future.

Similar stories abound in other colonies and former colonies. Hong Kong is *still* a colony, and yet it produces more wealth than Zaire, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Malawi, Tanzania, Angola, Mozambique, and Botswana combined —despite the fact that Hong Kong has no natural resources and the above-named African countries are generally rich in them. Hong Kong does have a culture that stresses hard work, skills, and motivation. Singapore is a former British colony (like Kenya), and it had a colonial government longer than any in Africa. Today it is one of the most prosperous countries in the world. Singapore took what the British had left and added it to a rich culture that stressed education, and achieved meteoric success. Barbados is a former British colony peopled by the descendants of slaves who were uprooted from Africa and brought under unspeakable conditions to the New World. Yet 257,000 Barbados citizens create more wealth on 166 square miles than "Free and Independent" Liberia does with ten times as many people and with no legacy of colonialism. Barbados adopted British culture and values.

Colonialism, therefore, is not the dependent variable that influences the success or failure of countries. It has not held back societies and cultures that had the ability and willingness to overcome the negatives and accent the positives. This is not to justify colonialism, only to accept it as a historical fact and seek to evaluate its consequences. Colonialism happened. The question that must be asked is: are these countries better or worse off because of the colonial experience? Does it do much to explain Kenya's (and Africa's) current problems? I am very skeptical. It may have had a larger impact on Mozambique and Zaire because they had a more brutal experience with it, but I doubt that it explains anywhere near as much as its proponents claim.

Better a brutal truth than a well-meaning lie. We must, above all, be honest and candid in our evaluations. Increasingly, Africans are rejecting the excuse of colonialism. Ali Mazrui, in his book *Cultural Forces in World Politics*, argues that African culture has taken the wrong things from the West:

> We borrowed the profit motive, but not the entrepreneurial spirit. We borrowed the acquisitive appetites of capitalism, but not the creative risk taking. We are at home with Western gadgets, but are bewildered by Western workshops. We wear the wristwatches, but refuse to watch [them] for the culture of punctuality. We have learned to parade in display, but not to drill in discipline. The West's consumption patterns have arrived, but not necessarily the West's technique of production.

We owe our international neighbors our honest diagnosis. I believe that in the noncommunist world most countries have their present and future in their own hands, and have mostly themselves to blame for their deficiencies. South America is not poor because the United States is exploiting it (though we clearly have done that to some extent); it is poor because the people have what James Fallows calls a "damaged culture." Tough words, I admit, but confirmed by the South Americans themselves. Carlos Rangel, a Venezuelan journalist, states:

> It was Latin America's destiny to be colonized by a country that, though admirable in many ways, was at the time beginning to reject the emerging spirit of modernism, and to build walls against the rise of rationalism, empiricism, and free thought—that is to say, against the very basis of the modern industrial and liberal revolution, and of capitalist economic development.

Rangel blames not colonialism, but "antisocial individualism, an adversity to work and an affinity for violence and authoritarianism."

The principal variable that separates the success of Hong Kong and Taiwan from the poverty of Brazil and Kenya is culture. The values and attitudes that people bring to a particular experience are of overwhelming importance. The same experience that defeats one group, inspires another to success. If your religion (your culture) teaches that if you rise above your caste you risk your soul and your status in your next life, your society will have less social mobility. You may well find more peace in such a society, and you likely will develop fewer ulcers, but it is counterproductive to what the developed world thinks of as human progress. It limits not only wealth and motivation, but individual creative capacity, literacy rates, and life expectancy. It is hard to write off these social accomplishments as merely "Western materialism." Good health, low infant mortality, the ability to reach one's potential, and to advance one's talents seem to become important to all advanced societies.

We are all God's children, and every person and every culture deserves understanding and respect. But, as we search for why some have a high standard of living and others a low one, we must not avoid the examination of the cultural differences between societies. For when we ask why some countries and some peoples live in poverty and squalor, we must, with Shakespeare, observe: "The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in the stars but in ourselves." ◈

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Flat-Earth Theories

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

"Vae victis."

The Conquest of Paradise: Christopher Columbus and the Columbian Legacy
by Kirkpatrick Sale
New York: Knopf; 453 pp., $24.95

The Rediscovery of North America
by Barry Lopez
Lexington: The University Press of Kentucky; Unpaginated, $15.00

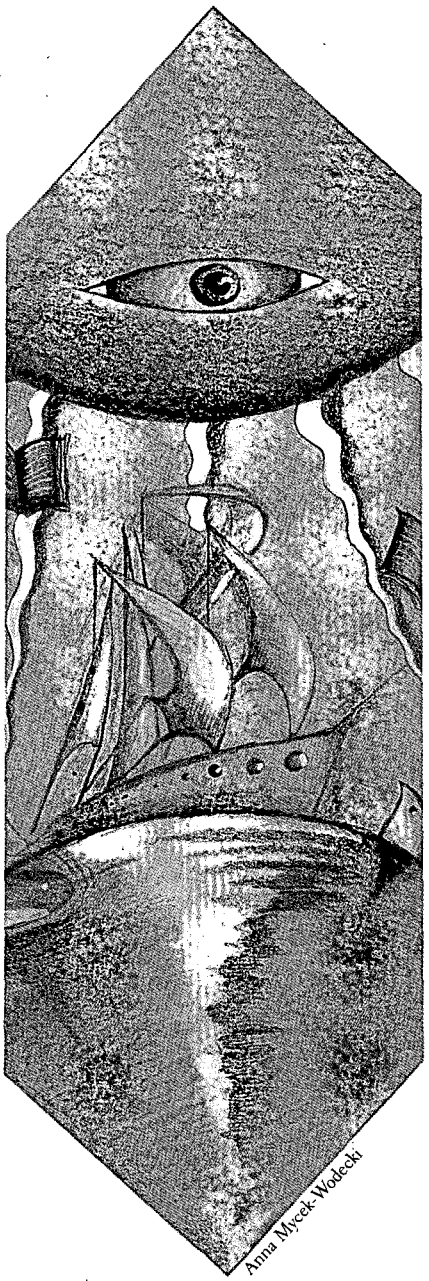
In Search of Columbus: The Sources for the First Voyage
by David Henige
Tucson: The University of Arizona Press; 359 pp., $24.95

◆

Perhaps because it is itself so completely ahistorical, the left has a great need for history, which it proceeds to squeeze with the fiendish rapacity it would attribute to the Tropicana fruit juice corporation. Of the three books under review here, all purportedly of a historical nature, only one of them—David Henige's—really is a work of history. And only one of them—Mr. Henige's again—appears to be the product of an adult mind.

The past three years, in particular, have not been kind to leftism and its perpetrators, and *The Conquest of Paradise*, by the aging New Leftist Kirkpatrick Sale, is an indication of the degree to which the left, having failed in its attempt at revolutionizing Western civilization by means of the economic argument, is currently wielding the ecological one to the same end.

Chilton Williamson, Jr. is senior editor for books at Chronicles *and the author of, most recently,* The Homestead, *a novel.*



The Conquest of Paradise is emphatically not a contribution to historical literature; rather it is an example of contemporary political ecology, culminating in a full and uncritical endorsement of the absurd conclusions developed by "ecologists" like Bill McKibben in *The End of Nature* and Dave Foreman, formerly of Earth First!, in *Confessions of an Eco-Warrior*. (Sale, among whose previous books is a history of Students for a Democratic Society, belongs to the New York Green Party, of which he was a founder.) Indeed McKibben—a former editor at the *New Yorker* with no reputed competence, to my knowledge, in the history of New World exploration—has provided "advance praise" for *The Conquest of Paradise*. "In his impressive book," McKibben intones, "Kirkpatrick Sale shows that the first voyages of 'discovery' offer little for us to celebrate. This is not inspiring history, but it is absolutely necessary history; for the sad patterns set in 1492 govern our relationship with the New World to this day. Perhaps the 500th anniversary will begin with a new truth-telling. If so, this book will have been an important cause." That Sale's book and McKibben's comments accurately represent the leftist mood as it builds toward the Columbian quincentennial next year is confirmed by the recent denunciation of Columbus by the National Council of Churches, which described his achievement as not a "discovery" but an "invasion"—a word that Kirkpatrick Sale regularly employs in the pages of *The Conquest of Paradise*. Thus Joseph Sobran's "Hive," and Harold Rosenberg's "herd of independent minds," begin to buzz and to low on

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cue.

The truth of an observation made frequently by the editor of this journal —that the root of all leftism is the hatred of one's own kind—is substantiated by Mr. Sale and his silly but maleficent book. A wise man is philosophical in contemplating the past and polemical in his anticipation of the future; the fundamental dishonesty of leftist "historical" writing lies not just in its polemicization of history, but in its pretense to having a genuine interest in the subject at all. Sale's thesis, argued with an almost risible one-sidedness and incompleteness, is that late medieval Europe at the dawn of the modern age had made itself virtually uninhabitable by its violent, acquisitive, anthropocentric, and nature-hating tendencies, that it felt impelled as a result to search out new worlds to conquer as a means of releasing pent pressures, acquiring more of the material riches its insatiable appetite demanded, and finding "salvation" of sorts. In the first act of what developed as a world-historical tragedy, the new lands its outriders stumbled upon were home to a gentle, benevolent, peace-loving, and "biologically centered" people, who lived in egalitarian harmony with each other and with their sacred mother, the earth. Arriving upon the outer shores of "what they dimly realized was the land of Paradise," the Europeans knew no response beyond the theft, murder, genocide, enslavement, pillage, and environmental destruction to which they had recourse, while passing up "a chance for the people of Europe to find a new anchorage in a new country . . . and thus finally the way to redeem the world." Instead of bringing redemption, Europe imposed hegemony; instead of adopting "the biological outlook on life," it instilled the curse of Christianity (though Sale is not so forthright as to call it that) and the man-centered, Faustian imperative that Sale believes Christianity encourages and that he argues is likely to prove fatal to the entire planet. "There is only one way," Kirkpatrick Sale insists, "to live in America, and there can be only one way, and that is as Americans —the original Americans—for that is what the earth of America demands. We have tried for five centuries to resist that simple truth. We resist it further only at risk of the imperilment—worse, the likely destruction—of the earth."

It is an insult to the memory of Alfred Knopf, who loved historical literature and acquired and published many distinguished examples of it, that the firm he founded should have made itself responsible for a work that not only falls scandalously short of grappling with history but locates itself in a dimension lying beyond even reality. And it is an insult to that minute portion of the American public that reads (and buys) serious works of history that the University Press of Kentucky should have published Barry Lopez's *The Rediscovery of North America*, amounting to 52 slyly unnumbered pages of text (I counted) and approximately 6,240 words, *and charge fifteen dollars for it!* It is true that Lopez enjoys a considerable literary reputation; true also that this book, like any other of his that I have looked at, neither justifies nor explains that reputation.

As with *The Conquest of Paradise*, the thrust of *The Rediscovery of America* (which is dedicated to the memory of Rachel Carson) is more ecological than historical. Barry Lopez describes Columbus's landing as "a process . . . we now call an incursion"; like Sale, he regards what followed "for decades" as "the acts of criminals." He is entirely in agreement with Sale when he writes, "What Columbus began . . . what Pizarro and Cortés and Coronado perpetuated, is not isolated in the past. We see a continuance in the present of this brutal, avaricious behavior, a profound abuse of the place [America] during the course of centuries of demand for material wealth. We need only look for verification at the acid-burned forests of New Hampshire, at the cauterized soils of Iowa, or at the collapse of the San Joaquin Valley into caverns emptied of their fossil waters." Like Sale, he thinks that the real wealth to have been gathered from the New World was "the cultivation and achievement of local knowledge," the "thousand distinct cultures, a thousand mutually unintelligible languages, a thousand ways of knowing"; "languages, epistemologies, books, ceremonies, systems of logic and metaphysics"; the opportunity "to develop a philosophy of place," to learn "the litanies of this landscape"; the chance to ask "the people or the animals or the plants or the rivers or the mountains: What do you think of this? We said what *we* thought, and bent to our will whatever resisted." (Lopez quotes approvingly the words of a Koyukon Athapascan Indian he met in Alaska, who "sternly" told a friend, in Lopez's hearing, "'Every animal knows way more than you do.'") Unlike Sale, though, Barry Lopez sees hope, "[n]ow that we have begun to listen to the land, to take into account in our planning the biological and chemical responses of a particular landscape. . . ." "[T]his violent corruption," he argues, "needn't define us. Looking back on the Spanish incursion, we can take the measure of the horror and assert that we will not be bound by it. We can say, yes, this happened, and we are ashamed. We repudiate the greed. We recognize and condemn the evil. And we see how the harm has been perpetuated. But, five hundred years later, we intend to mean something else in the world."

Since I am one of those people for whom it makes no difference whether Columbus first landed in the Bahamas 491, 497, or an even 500 years ago, I was—to the extent that I had thought about it at all—counting on ignoring the quincentennial. Of course I was being naïve in the extreme, and having experienced as a journalist the American Bicentennial of 15 years ago, I should have guessed what was coming. In 1976, at least, we did not have the unholy alliance of the environmentalists with the left sectarians to contend with. Today, the combination of the Greens and the economic and political left, plus the entire spectrum of aggrieved Third Worldists, promises to be very wearisome, bringing antinomianism—and, as we are seeing, neo-paganism—to a fever pitch worldwide. In 1992 it will be either useless, or hazardous to one's health, or both, to remind ideologically besotted audiences 1) that the idea of the Noble Savage remains as demonstrably a myth as it ever was; 2) that all men are sinners, the civilized along with the uncivilized, but that a savage was—and continues to be—a savage, even though many savages are good men; 3) that the basis for the European belief in

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the subjection of nature by humanity is to be found less in Genesis (St. Augustine wrote that "increase and multiply" referred to "physical signs and manifestations," as well as to "thoughts which our minds conceive") than in the New Testament, which teaches us that we must replace the principle of our natural life with that of our spiritual being; 4) that Western religious and secular learning are quite competent to refute the claim of Kirkpatrick Sale, Dave Foreman, and other modern "ecologists" that man is simply another biological species, on a plane of moral equality with bears, trees, and insects; 5) that the separation of the European cultural tradition from nature does not come from the Bible, that it is a defect of the virtues of that tradition, and that this defect is presently being overcome by the West, even as the former savages of the Third World, in their fascination with what Jacques Ellul calls *technique*, are doing their happy best to destroy the environments in which they themselves live; 6) that, though slavery were the worst evil imaginable (St. Paul tells slaves to obey their masters), slavery, far from being invented by Europeans, was mitigated to serfdom during the Middle Ages by Christian Europe; 7) that, far more than the Europeans who bought and transported black slaves to America, black Africans were culpable for selling their own people to the white "invaders" of the African continent; 8) that, Kirkpatrick Sale to the contrary, there is in fact plenty of evidence that the Indian tribes of the Americas did not learn violence, antisocial behavior, and "ecological hubris" from the European conquerors and settlers, nor were they impelled by them to resort to these things by the destruction of their aboriginal culture (Paul Valentine, in an article published some months ago in the *Washington Post*, concluded that, "The entry of Europeans onto this scene 500 years ago was . . . in an historic sense, simply an elaboration, an extension, of what had been occurring during the millennia before their arrival — expropriation, war, imperialism"); and finally that, even if the aborigines did learn these things from the Europeans, they were plenty quick and hotly enthusiastic learners.

It will be useless and unwelcome also to suggest that a partial but peculiarly distortive view of history results inevitably from the attempt, when inspired by resentment of one's own people, to see the world from the standpoint of alien cultures. In other words, a lot of plain truths are going to be taboo next year. Perhaps prudent commentators who feel compelled to be anti-anti-quincentennialists will choose to defend the proposition — uncontroversial by comparison — that the world really *is* flat, after all.

In Search of Columbus: The Sources for the First Voyage, by David Henige, is an interesting and well-written textual criticism of the famous *diario* from Columbus's first sortie into the Americas, as purportedly transcribed by Fray Bartolomé de las Cases, the priest who later became the eloquent defender of the Indians in the hands of the *conquistadores*. By comparison with Kirkpatrick Sale and Barry Lopez, Henige has chosen for himself a restricted canvas indeed; but how good to read the work of an author who knows what he is writing about!

In his book, Henige argues that a variety of errors and misstatements suggests that the *diario* may no longer be accepted as comprising Columbus's own words, or even a faithful transcription of them; that the account it gives of the first voyage may not be an accurate description; and that the identity of the Bahamian island on which Columbus landed may never be discovered, or discoverable. Charging that historians, faced by the Columbian enigma, have been effectively tempted by foregone conclusions, sentiment, and the urge to special pleading, Henige takes as his epigraph for chapter one the words of Peter Hulme: "Columbus scholarship is a fertile ground for that peculiar academic blindness whereby an interesting but indefensible hypothesis is followed to its logically necessary but increasingly lunatic conclusions."

BRIEF MENTIONS

IN DANGER UNDAUNTED: THE ANTI-INTERVENTIONIST MOVEMENT OF 1940-41 AS REVEALED IN THE PAPERS OF THE AMERICA FIRST COMMITTEE
Edited and with an introduction by Justus D. Doenecke
Stanford: Hoover Institution Press; 491 pp., $35.95

No political movement in American history has been slandered worse than the America First Committee. During its brief life, the committee was attacked publicly by the pro-Roosevelt press, and its members were slandered and abused, in public and private, by New Deal officials, including the President himself. The parody of America Firsters survived the war as part of the dominant mythology of the period, and it is a fine symbolic moment in *The Best Years of Our Lives* — one of the finest films made in America at any time — when an America Firster tries to tell the handless sailor that the war was all for nothing. But what sort of "nativist" or "fascist" movement would have attracted Chester Bowles, Lillian Gish, New-Dealer Hugh Johnson, several Progressive senators, and even young John Kennedy, who sent in a check for $100? And what sort of unpatriotic movement can it be, when Eddie Rickenbacker and Charles Lindbergh both joined? (The lies about Lindbergh continue to be told today, even though the memory of Roosevelt's persecution of Lindbergh is lost.)

As some Americans begin to understand the real costs of imperialism, they may begin to rethink this mythology — not so much the war itself, but the conduct and motives of patriotic citizens who did their best to keep us out of it. The best source for this wholesome revisionism is Justus Doenecke's collection of documents, prefaced by a meticulous and impartial account of the committee's history. The committee did not achieve its objectives, and its failure helped to discredit the doctrine of nonintervention, but — as Doenecke insists — theirs was not a futile crusade: "By rallying dissenting opinion, it forced debate on major administration measures and did so amid attacks that were often as sweeping as they were unfair . . . .The AFC was an intensely patriotic group that could offer cogent arguments against intervention. If Americans had failed to speak out against what they saw as threats to the nation's security, they would have been abdicating their responsibilities as citizens . . . .In later times, when the United States entered undeclared wars with little or no previous debate, such activism would be sorely missed."

— Thomas Fleming

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Psalms of Lament

by Kenneth R. Craycraft

"Why did God let my puppy die?"
—Anonymous

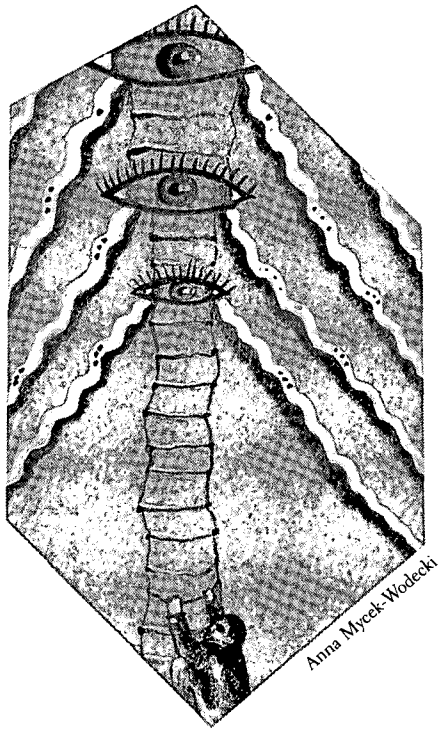
Naming the Silences
by Stanley Hauerwas
Grand Rapids: Eerdmans;
154 pp., $9.95

◆

"The first thing to understand is that we are all practical atheists," Stanley Hauerwas once declared in a phone conversation. "So when we ask, 'Why does a good God allow bad things to happen to good people?' what we really mean is, 'Why doesn't modern medicine cure cancer?'" Hauerwas has written a refreshingly original exercise in theodicy toward explaining what he means by this typically provocative statement.

One really ought to call the book an "anti-theodicy." The central and recurring theme is that typical attempts at trying to account for suffering and pain are doomed from the start by the very way the questions are asked and the world view they seem to presuppose. "For a number of reasons," Hauerwas explains at the outset, "I am profoundly suspicious of all attempts . . . to explain why God allows us to experience pain and suffering; put even more strongly, I hope to show why this way of putting the question is a theological mistake." With his usual skill and lucidity, Hauerwas presents a compelling case that prevailing theodicies are seriously flawed attempts to answer seriously ill-formed questions.

Hauerwas begins with a succinct account of Peter DeVries's novel *The Blood of the Lamb*. Beginning with a story is not incidental to the purpose of the book: "We shall see that such stories are much more than illustrations of the problem of evil. Indeed, without such stories we would have no means to frame the challenge of suffering, and



even more important, no way to respond to that challenge." It is precisely the problem of "story" (or rather the lack thereof), which has produced so many questionable attempts at theodicy, thinks Hauerwas.

The Blood of the Lamb is the story of a man, Don Wanderhope, who sees a rather unusual amount of suffering and death in his young life. Before he reaches middle age, Wanderhope witnesses the insanity and death of his father, and the untimely deaths of his brother (a young graduate of the University of Chicago Medical School), his first love (whom he meets as a patient in a tuberculosis sanitarium to which he was wrongly sent), and his wife Greta who, like Don's father, commits suicide. Most importantly, though, he suffers the agony of watching his young daughter Carol experience the false hope of cure and remission for, and ultimately her death from, leukemia.

The point of the story (at least for Hauerwas's purpose) is that Don Wanderhope is never really shaken by death until his daughter—a child—dies from a painful disease. Of course he mourned the earlier deaths, but only the illness of his daughter Carol drove this backslidden Dutch Reformed Christian to the alter of St. Jude, at St. Catherine's Catholic Church. Only when he watched his child suffer and die for no apparent reason did he feel compelled to return to that church and hurl the birthday cake intended for Carol at the crucifix outside St. Catherine's; only then did he take a small cross from a bureau drawer, walk to the woods, and hurl the cross as far as he could into the trees. When Carol died, Wanderhope could not be consoled by the free-will defense he knew so well. "What is it about the death and suffering of a child," asks Hauerwas, "that seems to challenge not only our belief in God but also our very hold on existence?"

Of course some recent Christian attempts to account for evil have not depended on the high metaphysics of the free-will defense, but Hauerwas finds these lacking as well. First, it won't do to say that, no matter how bad the suffering, something good can come from or be learned by it. Nothing good came of Carol Wanderhope's death, and nothing was learned from it. It was pointless. Nor will it do to say, as many recent theodicies do, that we can be comforted in our suffering by knowing that we have a God who is capable of suffering with us. This might be on the right track, thinks Hauerwas, but it still falls short of the mark.

The essential problem is twofold: first, modern man, even modern Christian man, puts more faith in science and medicine than in the God in whom he professes to believe. Second, modern liberal man is uprooted from any coherent story of his existence, cut off from any narrative history that could help him to see that it makes no sense to try to make sense of senseless suffering.

"Our questions about suffering are asked from a world determined by a

Kenneth R. Craycraft is finishing a Ph.D. in theology at Boston College and is a research associate at the American Enterprise Institute in Washington, D.C.

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hope schooled by medicine," says Hauerwas, "a world that promises to 'solve' suffering by eliminating its causes." Rather than offering comfort in the context of a world view formed by Christian faith, modern medicine offers healing in a world without context. Control over the causes of suffering, not comfort in light of suffering, is the promise of modern science. Modern man has a new god, one born in the Enlightenment, killed a short time later, and resurrected as modern science—a god whose purpose is not to offer explanations to the community of faith, or to search for knowledge in some defined context—but to offer solutions to everyone. When those "solutions" fail, we ask why God has failed.

Hauerwas thinks it is no accident that the very notion of theodicy arose at the same time as modern medicine. Modern science is not interested in knowledge of the world, but in control over it. It is not really "science" which knows, but "technique" which controls. When it cannot control the world—and illness is the starkest reminder that it cannot—modern science needs an explanation, it needs to be justified in its failure. Before this modern idea of control over nature and nature's embarrassing anomalies, no one expected a life without suffering, and thus no one asked for explanations of suffering. "It never occurred to the early Christians to question their belief in God or even God's goodness because they were unjustly suffering for their beliefs," Hauerwas explains. "Rather, their faith gave them direction in the face of persecution and general misfortune. Suffering was not a metaphysical problem needing a solution, but a practical challenge requiring a response." Suffering was expected as part of the human condition; it was born in a particular context; and it was dealt with pastorally, not apologetically.

But not now. Now we think that

> sickness should not exist because we think of it as something in which we can intervene and which we can ultimately eliminate. Sickness challenges our most cherished presumption that we are or at least can be in control of our existence. Sickness creates the problem of "anthropodicy" because it challenges our most precious and profound belief that humanity has in fact become god. Against the backdrop of such belief, we conclude that sickness should not exist.

And when it does exist, we must ask ourselves why "god" allows it.

Hauerwas contends that Christians are bothered by the modern question of theodicy because we have accepted Enlightenment liberalism's rules of the game. In accepting its notions of science and individualism, modern Christians adhere to the presuppositions of a world view consistently at odds with the Christian one. An abstract need to "explain" suffering in universal terms "is to underwrite the Enlightenment assumption that we are most fully ourselves when we are free of all traditions and communities other than those we have chosen from the position of complete autonomy. In such a context, suffering cannot help but appear absurd, since it always stands as a threat to autonomy."

This autonomy applies not just to people, but to medicine as well. Medicine is part of modern science, which is about control, not knowledge; about means-end rationality, not about explanation. Modern medicine has no narrative context which supply guidelines for its purpose and value. It is "value-neutral," unencumbered by questions of what "ought" to be done or—more importantly—what "ought not" to be done. The Enlightenment mind-set asserts autonomy and individual control. It tells us that we have a right not to be sick, and a right to be cured if the first right is violated. As a result, says Hauerwas, "we have come to believe that what can be done medically ought to be done. Medicine has become our means of overcoming our 'fragility.'" When medicine fails, it causes a crisis of faith—faith in what we often call "god."

So why do good people—especially children—suffer? "I have no answer to the question of why children suffer," says Hauerwas, "because I do not want to grant the presuppositions that often give rise to such questions." He does suggest, though, why the suffering of children bothers us especially, and in so doing Hauerwas suggests the recovery of a Christian understanding of illness and pain.

Put simply, the suffering of children is especially perplexing because we recognize that children have not had the chance to live a life, and thus to have a story. When a child dies, we really do not know who has died, because "who" the child is has not yet been determined. "As adults we may respond more or less well to our illness, but at least the illness seems to have a context—we can make it part of our ongoing story." Not so with children. To the extent that they have a context to begin with, we usually think that they are not able to understand it, or to incorporate it into an account of their suffering. For a child, it just hurts.

But it is not only children who do not have a story out of which to make sense of their suffering. Hauerwas contends that none of us do—or that if we do, we set it aside when we think about things as illness and suffering. Illness is an effrontery to us, not because it shakes our belief in God, but because our belief in God has not been sufficiently grounded in the story of who God is: the Christian God who presented Himself initially in the story of the Cross, and thence in the story of the Church.

In the least well-developed but most intuitively compelling part of the book, Hauerwas contends that the ancient Hebrews and Christians were never concerned with abstract questions about why God "allowed" suffering. If they recognized sin in the camp, they tried to root it out; if they did not have such an explanation, their purpose was to comfort one another, not to explain suffering away. These early believers never recognized a promise that they ought not suffer, nor made an abstract claim against God when they did. Rather, they saw their lives as rooted in a community formed by a story of a God who acts in history to comfort his afflicted. This is not merely a God who is able to suffer with us, or understands our suffering, but a God who calls people to himself in a community of sharers of suffering. (This did not preclude medicine, of course, but it saw medicine as comforting, not curing. The predisposition of pre-modern medicine was not to act, and when action was indicated the purpose was care, not cure.)

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We need not feel compelled to defend God when we suffer, because we have never been promised by Him that we shall not. The god who needs defending is the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, omnibenevolent postulant of the Enlightenment, who is not allowed to be God if "meaningless" suffering takes place, and who must be replaced by technology when this god fails. But the God of the Bible is much more than this; the God of the Bible is the God who calls us into a community of believers that asks not why we suffer, but that forms our ability to respond to pain, suffering, and pointless death. This church is a community that, rather than rail at suffering, is actually formed by suffering and the expectation of redemption and resurrection.

Hauerwas uses the example of the imprecatory psalms to bring home the crucial point of this provocative and informative book:

> The psalms of lament do not simply reflect our experience; they are meant to form our experience of despair. They are meant to name the silences that our suffering has created. They bring us into communion with God and one another, communion that makes it possible to acknowledge our pain and suffering, to rage that we see no point to it, and yet our very acknowledgment of that fact makes us a people capable of living faithfully. We are able to do so because we know that the God who has made our life possible is not a God merely of goodness and power, but the life, cross, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth. The God who calls us to service through worship is not a God who insures that our lives will not be disturbed; indeed, if we are faithful, we had better expect to experience a great deal of unrest. This may not be the God we want, but at least it is a God whose very complexity is so fascinating that our attention is captivated by the wonder of the life that God has given us—a life that includes pain and suffering that seem to have no point. ◈

The Future

for Leonard Nathan

by Richard Moore

Music of the classical tradition,
you say, assumes relationships
in time, and that is why my Rock
daughter will have none of it.
Rock with its endless repetitions
denies all temporal succession:
all moments exactly like all other
moments, so nothing happens, nothing
becomes. And once the future's gone,
it's meaningless, hence impossible,
to have a past. And there goes history.

But is, as you say, "a possible future
especially hard to assume these days?"
I know. The bombs. But haven't there always
been people, heavy, loud, marching,
bearing news of the world's end?
So many ways always for the earth's
delicate balance to be tipped,
spiritually, chemically, according
as how the imagination tips.
Who's *ever* sure there'll be a future—
or that we shall be free of ours?

We are as Hector on the walls of Troy
with Andromache and always have been.
Only the Crystal Palace and all
those nineteenth-century trust funds
ever assured us otherwise.

"Why are you always in the first rush,
the first blood?" she asks angrily, sadly.
"Because my heart can tell," he says,
"the City must soon fall, burn,
our son, being royal, killed, and you
sold, a slave, and I wish to be long
dead, so that I will not see these things."

He puts on his horsehair-plumed
helmet and reaches to embrace
his son; but the child does not see
his father in the shining plumed creature
and shrinks into the friendly folds
his mother wears. Andromache
and Hector see why he's frightened, and there
on the wall of doomed Troy, they laugh.

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Encyclopedia Britannica

by Brian Robertson

The Birth of the Modern: World Society 1815-1830
by Paul Johnson
New York: HarperCollins;
1,095 pp., $35.00

◆

Paul Johnson has done it again: he has written a book so huge in scope that it fairly begs to be challenged by academics as a cursory treatment of history.

In the course of one thousand pages, *The Birth of the Modern: World Society* covers subjects as diverse as the treatment of animals by human beings; the origin of the modern conception of artists; the repercussions of the Napoleonic Wars on the West; literary and political rivalries among the intelligentsia of America, France, and Great Britain; the growing abolitionist movement; the treatment of criminals; the development of technology; the political ramifications of industrialization; the widespread use of opium; the evolution of painting, music, and fashion; the state of transportation; and the growing place of women in society. This eclectic approach is normally an object of derision among "serious" historians, who tend to regard exhaustive detail restricted to a particular time and place as a sign of genuine scholarship.

Johnson has never been prone to restraint in his choice of subject matter. Some of his previous gargantuan efforts have included a history of the world from the 1920's to the 1980's, a history of Christianity, and a history of the Jews. If this monster of a book is a departure from previous form, it is because in it he has limited himself to a smaller time frame, and a more explicit theme: the intellectual and technological origins of the modern world. It therefore demands a greater cohesiveness than the others, and although the birth of the modern world is always in his sights, the chronicle often wanders so far and wide that it is hard not for the reader to become lost in the mountains of data and the continual digressions. But that is all right. The digressions usually take the form of mini-biographies of eminent men and women of the era, and that happens to be what Mr. Johnson does best.

Indeed, the most memorable passages in the book are the strikingly vivid portraits of individual statesmen, inventors, and artists of the period. Johnson is a master at using contemporary diaries and correspondence to bring great men to life. The volatile General Jackson with his history of dueling and insubordination (his totally unauthorized expulsion of the Cherokee from Georgia and his conquest of Florida); his opponent in the first popular presidential contest in American history, the brilliant and misanthropic John Quincy Adams; that punctilious opponent of modernity, the poet Wordsworth, fighting to maintain the old English political system and the pastoral countryside of his youth in the face of the "radicals" (who included Byron and Shelley); the prude-turned-revolutionary, Victor Hugo, leading the cultural war between age and youth; the consciously bohemian prototype of the artist as romantic, Ludwig van Beethoven, proudly flaunting protocol in the presence of the aristocracy—all make for fascinating reading.

What becomes tiresome is Johnson's relentlessly empirical approach to history, in which everything is quantifiable, all judgments are definitive, and all motives are crystal clear. Johnson himself represents a peculiarly modern notion of the study of history, which pretends to scientific accuracy as well as disinterested objectivity. But this concept ultimately produces a bloodless art because it does not so much tell a story as solve a puzzle. While the pieces of that puzzle may be fascinating in their size and shape, still you know that they will invariably be made to fit. Pre-modern writers had more respect for the mysterious nature of history, which they saw as a story with more loose ends than pat answers. There was more reverence for the astonishing development of incidents that make up any account, an appreciation that the drama of the events can only be properly communicated by the methods of the fiction writer.

Perhaps this explains the popularity of historical novels when compared with that of academic history. Without allowing their work to degenerate into mere chronicle, the better authors use their comprehensive knowledge of the period to unobtrusively fill in the narrative with authentic physical detail. But the main thing must be the story itself: knowledge of the era and its customs is what allows the story to flow gracefully, while giving the reader a genuine feel for the texture of contemporary life. In this way, characters in a well-written historical novel take flesh and pass before one's eyes.

Johnson takes almost the reverse approach. He hits on a subject—say, dueling—and then exhaustively chronicles contemporary attitudes, practice, fatalities, the technology of weaponry, and so forth. Along the way, he may provide an anecdote that he feels is particularly illustrative of the facts he relates. The story lines that weave among the one thousand pages become somewhat disconnected interruptions of a continuous chronicle. In effect, the book comes off as more of an encyclopedia than a history of the era.

But it is quite an encyclopedia nevertheless. As Johnson says in the preface, "The book deals with the whole world and has no one angle of vision," although he concedes that "a specially prominent place is accorded to Britain, for during these years Britain was the most influential of the powers." Indeed, at a time when Western cultural influence and intellectual dominance is generally decried in the universities, it is refreshing to read a book that reminds us of all the material and ethical benefits that have resulted from Western dominion. Johnson veritably celebrates the British Empire at the height of its authority.

Unfortunately, though, Johnson does not wrestle with the more troubling aspects of the birth of "moderni-

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ty," which have brought Christendom to its current advanced state of decadence. The liberal ideology of progress that, by Johnson's account, conferred so many benefits on mankind, also conferred a smug self-reliance and a terrible alienation from the Creator, the frightening consequences of which were not played out until our own unhappy century. The belief in the inevitability of progress, with its attendant faith in science as a panacea for every ill, is at the root of our moral and social decay. One wishes Mr. Johnson showed a bit more ambivalence about it.

Brian Robertson is a freelance writer living in Princeton, New Jersey.

Moi, le Déluge

by Florence King

Marion Barry: The Politics of Race
by Jonathan I.Z. Agronsky
Latham, New York: British American Publishing; 380 pp., $21.95

◆

"He was just five years old when Mattie Barry, seeking a fresh start in life, moved north with her son and two older daughters to Memphis. . . . Her husband had been killed a year earlier in Itta Bena. Neither Marion Barry, Jr., nor his mother, who now lives in Memphis, will talk about the father or his untimely death, which, half a century later, still hangs like a dark, mysterious cloud over the family's past."

Was Marion Barry's father lynched in 1940? If so, why has the opportunistic Barry kept so uncharacteristically quiet about it? A lynching in the family would be pure gold for such a master of the politics of racial victimization. Why has no reporter, including the author of this book, unearthed the facts surrounding the elder Barry's death? True, lynchings are never recorded as such, not even in the Mississippi Delta of fifty years ago, but somebody ought to be able to find out something. And if some members of the media know what happened but won't say, why won't they?

This is just one intriguing point in a riveting book that reads like a black version of Suetonius' *The Twelve Caesars*, starring Marion Barry as Tiberius in a baseball cap and a blue velour jogging suit, lolling on beds on tropical afternoons, smacking his lips over dusky Caribbean beauties while his modern Rome on the Potomac goes to rack and ruin.

Marion Barry is disgusting beyond belief, but he didn't start out that way. After the move to Memphis he cracked the books and became the kind of kid who recites memorized poetry at family gatherings—his *pièce de résistance* was "The House By the Side of the Road." Yet even at this tender age he had another side to him. He sold the sandwiches his mother packed for his school lunch because his body could stand hunger better than his ego could stand empty pockets: he needed to hear the jingle of change. He also persuaded his sisters to sing on the street while he, in disturbingly pimp-like fashion, collected donations from passersby.

In high school he worked part-time as a waiter at the American Legion Post, where he got even with whites by spitting in their soup. He made the National Honor Society and won a scholarship to black LeMoyne College in Memphis, majoring in chemistry—perhaps because it interested him, perhaps because he was driven to stand out from the crowd: "I looked around me, and I saw everybody was going to be a teacher in a black school or a social worker, and I didn't want to be either of them."

While at LeMoyne he adopted a middle name, "Shepilov," which he happened to see in a newspaper. Dmitri Shepilov was a high-ranking member of the Soviet Communist Party in 1956-57. Around this time he became a local celebrity when he challenged a white member of LeMoyne's board of trustees for saying: "The Negro is our brother, but he should be treated as a younger brother, and not as an adult." He proceeded to Fisk University, Nashville's famed black school, for a master's in chemistry and a minor in sit-ins at the local Woolworth's lunch counter; and on to a teaching assistantship at the University of Kansas, where white parents complained when their daughters were assigned to chemistry classes taught by him. In 1962 he returned to Tennessee and a job on the faculty of all-black Knoxville College, a period in which court records show he was arrested for allegedly passing bad checks (the charges were later dropped). This was also the year he married Blantie Evans, his first wife, who divorced him two years later because she could not compete with his true love—the civil rights movement—which gave him the attention and adulation he craved and took him to Washington, D.C., as a SNCC organizer.

What Agronsky calls Barry's "dark side" of rage and resentment surfaced early in his Washington period. As a leader of the Free D.C. movement for home rule, he made white reporters pay him for interviews. Arrested for jaywalking, he punched a white cop and kicked out the door of the paddy wagon, but was acquitted by a jury of ten blacks and two whites. Wearing native African costumes and packing a .32, he started the notorious Youth Pride Economic Enterprise (YPEE), a federally funded circus that turned Washington into a less well-disciplined version of Al Capone's Chicago.

The "disadvantaged youth" working

BEYOND ROMANTICISM
Tuckerman's Life and Poetry
Eugene England

This biography reveals Frederick Tuckerman's unique combination of Anglican rationalism, legal training, and skill in natural observation—traits that caused him to depart from orthodox Emersonian Romanticism in unusual and instructive ways.

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at Pride-owned gas stations pulled guns on white customers, a Pride clean-up crew robbed the Greyhound bus terminal on their lunch break, and Pride trucks served as mobile shooting galleries for heroin addicts. Barry deflected criticism and discouraged investigations by a technique called "mau-mauing," saying in effect: "'Don't ask, honky mother------, because if you do, we're going to go out on the street, and we're going to start a riot and say that the white man is trying to destroy black economic progress.' And it scared the living s--- out of these liberals who didn't want any trouble," a black TV producer told the author.

His arrogance increased after the Martin Luther King riots in 1968. Describing how to rebuild the "new" D.C., he told the city council: "White people should be allowed to come back [to riot-torn areas] only if the majority of the ownership is in the hands of blacks. That is, they could come back and give their experience and their expertise—and then they should leave." Accused of plagiarizing his campaign speeches, he replied: "What's wrong with that? That's sophistication." Life was one big 7-Eleven waiting to be robbed one way or another, and Marion Barry was ready.

Under Barry's stewardship, life in the nation's capital grew steadily more surreal: late-night crashes involving the mayoral limousine, his mother-in-law's alleged torching of her ex-boyfriend's house, his second wife's purchase of a Volvo and a BMW on a salary of $23,000, top aides using city funds to pay their rent and buy groceries, ambulance drivers who couldn't find the addresses of the sick and dying, bureaucrats sniffing cocaine at their desks, municipal clerical workers so incompetent and surly that they had to have a special training program to teach them how to answer the phone without insulting callers. As his paranoia mounted, Barry developed a taste for sudden getaways, sending his bodyguards to New York while he took off for a mountain spa for high-colonic enemas and meditation. Questioned about these costly ruses, Barry told reporters to mind their own business.

The author knows present-day Washington very well but he is sometimes shaky on the old city. He refers to the "de facto" segregation of D.C. public schools and states: "They would not even begin to integrate, through court-ordered bussing, until 10 years after the 1954 Brown decision." I attended D.C. public schools from the day I entered kindergarten in 1941 to my graduation from Roosevelt High School in 1953, and the segregation was *de jure*. In 1948 and again in 1950 the two white junior highs I attended were turned over to the Negro school system and we were transferred elsewhere by order of the school board. My high school (also the alma mater of Mayor Sharon Pratt Dixon) was integrated in the fall of 1954, as were several other schools in mixed neighborhoods, in hopes of setting an example for the South, of which Washington was the official "Gateway."

Otherwise, Agronsky, a reporter for the *Voice of America* and the son of Martin Agronsky, relates Barry's story with a stark, just-the-facts-ma'am objectivity that makes his book all the more devastating, especially in his shocking account of the Barry jury's deliberations. Clearly repelled by his subject, he is nonetheless scrupulously fair, sometimes too much so. He credits Barry with maintaining racial peace by speaking calming words after his trial when he could so easily have exploited his supporters' rage for his own purposes, but such a view ignores Barry's psychology. He is both too shrewd and too hypocritical to call openly for a bloodbath. Except for his sexual appetites he is oddly like the feline Robespierre, distancing himself from the gross Danton (Al Sharpton) and the maddened Marat (Gus Savage) while he waits for the mainstream to dry up.

Florence King's new book, With Charity Toward None: A Fond Look at Misanthropy, *will be published by St. Martin's Press in January.*

LIBERAL ARTS

POPULATION CONTROL

China's one-child-per-family policy, coupled with the traditional Chinese preference for sons, has resulted in an acute shortage of women. It has also fueled the so-called "flesh trade."

The state-run *Workers' Daily* noted last summer the re-emergence of an age-old problem in China: the abduction and sale of women and children to peasants seeking laborers and brides. Robert Benjamin of the *Baltimore Sun* reported one Liu Shiming as saying, "Girls are a special bank. If one is sold, the problem of food is solved. If two are sold, you can build a new house. After selling several girls, I will be well-off." In a ten-year period Liu reportedly abducted and sold 18 women and children, including his mother, three-year-old daughter, and wife, for whom he received about $265. Before being arrested and executed, Liu had earned some $1,600 in the slave trade. The Chinese government puts the number of women and children sold each year between ten and forty thousand.

Intermediate Frisbee

by James P. Degnan

Begin Here
by Jacques Barzun
Chicago: University of Chicago Press;
216 pp., $24.95

◆

Jacques Barzun, for nearly half a century, has been telling us what is wrong with our schools and what we might do to improve them. This he continues to do in his most recent book, *Begin Here*.

Pointing out that American schools have long been bad and are getting worse; that from grade school through the university, they regularly graduate students incompetent in reading, writing, and counting; and that there are 60 million illiterate in America today, despite the enormous sums of money we spend on education, Barzun, in this collection of 15 essays and speeches, castigates the rotten teaching of basic subjects, the inadequate training of teachers, the overuse of multiple choice tests, the extravagant waste of money and time on "opulent sports programs" and other "ornaments," and the notion that novelties and "innovations . . . gimmicks and gadgetry"—such as television—contribute toward any real improvement in learning.

Barzun also attacks, as he has for

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years, the worthlessness of much academic scholarship, especially in the humanities; the sloppy thinking, deplorable writing, and general ignorance of the majority of educationists and administrators who run the schools; the lamentably large numbers of highly expensive and academically unjustified nonacademics employed by the schools (deans, counselors, and coaches); and the academic trends of recent years (multiculturalism, feminism, deconstruction) that threaten what is left of the integrity of the American university.

As in his longer, more ambitious books on education — *Teacher in America*, *The House of Intellect*, *The American University*, and *The Culture We Deserve* — Barzun reminds us in *Begin Here* that American education has too long been dominated by people who have no business in it, by people who regard education not as the process of "cultivating intellect," but rather as a means of adjusting students to society and of solving social problems. These people range from the old-fashioned educationists and vocationalists who have filled the schools with courses in Dating, Driver Safety, Self-Esteem, Intermediate Frisbee, and Resort Club Accounting, to more modern "anti-intellectual intellectuals": those who, in the name of "educational diversity" and under the pretext of "liberating minorities," declare the intellect a sham, deny that words have meaning, and dismiss reason itself as a mere tool used by the white middle class to "oppress."

What is wrong with American schools, Barzun has said for years and repeats here, is that they long ago forgot their purpose. Rather than dedicating themselves to their main job of the "liquidation of ignorance," rather than teaching students to master "the arts of reading, writing, and counting," the schools are more interested in trying "to make ideal citizens, super tolerant neighbors, agents of world peace . . . flawless drivers of cars," and "politically correct" advocates of the causes of various minority groups.

Making the schools once again schools, Barzun has long contended, could result in any number of happy consequences. Without increasing their budgets, for example, schools could substantially increase the pay of real teachers simply by getting rid of the hordes of psychological and psychiatric counselors, coaches, superfluous administrators, and pseudo-teachers of nonacademic courses. Such a move might attract sizably larger numbers of our best college graduates to teaching, thereby improving the quality of pedagogy and the prestige of the teaching profession. The solution to the problems of American education, as Barzun first wrote nearly a quarter century ago in *The American University*, is "simplicity and austerity." Teachers need to stop "innovating" and to start teaching. Schools must cut, not add.

But before any practical changes, financial or otherwise, can take place, the American educational system must rediscover its real purpose. This, Barzun believes, is nowhere more important than in the universities, notably in the undergraduate schools, for it is they that provide the model and set the tone for all others. The much-needed

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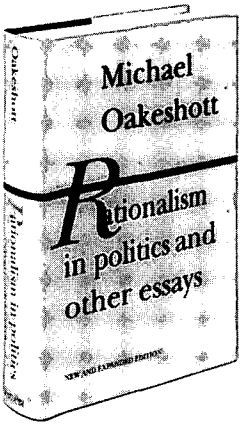

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reform in American universities will not begin until the universities recapture what Cardinal Newman called "the idea of the university," the concept that universities are institutions wherein students of superior intellect and with "a special talent for articulateness and the pursuit of ideas in books" master certain intellectual skills, read specified books (*e.g.*, the ancient and modern classics), and take specified courses in the arts and sciences. Recapturing the idea of the university, says Barzun, means reaffirming the idea of the university as an intellectual community, a community based on commonly held values—a community of individuals and special groups, of people widely diverse in background and disposition, who are nevertheless united by a common commitment to the pursuit of truth through the exercise of reason. It means emphasizing not our differences, not our "diversity," but our "commonality." (The word "university" derives from the Latin *universum*, and signifies the joining of many parts as one.) Because reason is its essence, because it cannot survive unless ruled by reason, the university, though it may be the most tolerant of institutions, cannot tolerate a refusal of its members to abide by reason, and the "anti-intellectual intellectuals," insofar as they refuse to acknowledge and abide by reason, deny its existence.

In answer to the question, "What is to be done?" Barzun suggests that the universities might try applying common sense. Refuse to pay the deconstructionist English professors what you have promised them in their contracts and you will see how quickly they discover that words really do have meaning. Better still, administrators might decide that, if deconstruction is true, then "scholarly criticism is no longer possible" and their departments of English should be shut down.

But American universities are not likely to do or say such things largely because university administrators, those directly responsible for hiring the deconstructionists and other nihilists, have neither the wit nor the will to do or say them. It is the administrators, more than any other group in the university, who, through "shuffling and cowardice," incompetence and sheer stupidity, have been responsible for turning over the university to its "loudest claimants"—that is, to the "anti-intellectual intellectuals."

"The zest with which the American university is destroying itself," Barzun writes, "is truly a remarkable sight," and probably the only hope for saving it is the "hope that life on campus will get rapidly worse, so that shame and despair will awaken recollections of a decent past," thereby leading "dedicated spirits" to reestablish the due forms and civil temper of a "company of scholars."

James P. Degnan is a professor of English at Santa Clara University.

A Humane Historian

by Michael M. Jordan

Frank Lawrence Owsley: Historian of the Old South
by Harriet Chappell Owsley
Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press; 223 pp., $24.95

◆

In this book Harriet Owsley remembers the life, friendships, and scholarly career she shared with her husband, Frank Lawrence Owsley. The subtitle of her memoir calls attention to her husband's field of study as teacher and scholar. His three books on the Old South are definitive, and they are still in print: *State Rights in the Confederacy* (1925), *King Cotton Diplomacy: Foreign Relations of the Confederate States of America* (1931), and *Plain Folk of the Old South* (1949)—all three republished posthumously. Owsley was an Agrarian, one of those twelve Southerners who in 1930 took their stand for the Agrarian tradition of the South in opposition to the industrialization, urbanization, commercialism, and centralization of America's emerging Leviathan State. Owsley was also a gifted and influential history professor, serving for 29 years at Vanderbilt University and for six years at the University of Alabama, until his untimely death by heart attack in 1956.

There is much of interest in Harriet Owsley's informative and affectionate memoir of her husband. Many aspects of his life and career are pertinent to present-day concerns in the academy and in communities across the nation. Consider the relevance of the following passage from Owsley's 1921 letter to fellow historian George Petrie concerning the shortcomings of academics he encountered while pursuing a Ph.D. in history at the University of Chicago:

> Two things have I concluded in hob-nobbing with the royalty and nobility of the places of higher learning: (1) the greatest scholars are a bunch of selfish, conceited, narrow-minded doctrinaires who care nothing for the students—the personal element is missing. . . . They are so indifferent to their students [that] they do only second grade teaching; (2) the books they write are ninety percent "bosh" simply written to help themselves and not for the welfare of the students, and the greatest part of the books are never read except by a few critics and publishers and rival authors.

Seventy years later the same criticisms may be leveled at big-wig academics in many of America's universities. Like those Owsley encountered, many are "jealous and mean and bitter toward rivals, fighting for their own promotion and prestige, and forgetting that there is a public or a student body and that it is their business to serve them."

Owsley was devoted to his profession and to the academic community. But what is remarkable about him is his devotion to his students, both professionally and personally. Over the years he directed many theses and approximately fifty dissertations. Mrs. Owsley supplies testimonies from his students that indicate their fondness for him as a person and teacher; they remember him for his kindness, hospitality, wit, sense of humor, illustrative vignettes, and for his energetic, enthusiastic, and passionate pursuit of historical knowledge. Owsley knew that teaching and writing history were humane concerns that brought the present-day student and reader into contact with the past. As historian and teacher, he was not detached from his subject and students.

Ordinarily when the Agrarian move-

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ment is mentioned one thinks of those prominent men of letters who were both Fugitive poets and Agrarian social critics: John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson, and Robert Penn Warren. *Sewanee Review* editor and novelist Andrew Lytle also comes to mind. But this common view ignores the central position Owsley held among the Agrarians. Virginia Rock endeavored to correct this misconception in her unpublished dissertation, "The Making and Meaning of *I'll Take My Stand*" (1961), to my knowledge the best general study of the Agrarians and their ideas. Mrs. Owsley also calls attention to her husband's central position among the Agrarians. Like Andrew Lytle (of the original twelve the only one still living), Owsley was reared on a farm and owned one most of his adult life. He wrote essays for the initial manifesto *I'll Take My Stand* (1930) and its follow-up symposium *Who Owns America?* (1936). He also wrote numerous "Agrarian" essays and book reviews for university quarterlies and for the short-lived *American Review* (1933-1937), a major outlet for Agrarian writings.

Many of Owsley's essays emphasize a cardinal Agrarian tenet: liberty and property are essential ingredients of the good life. As Owsley noted in the conclusion to his *Who Owns America?* essay, "The Foundations of Democracy," "The right to life, the right to liberty, to the pursuit of happiness, the right to govern oneself, the right to own property . . . [will] give way to the fascist or communist totalitarian State . . . unless private property is put back into the hands of the disinherited American people." Today as in the 1930's, creeping socialism, the burgeoning bureaucracy, and enormous corporate conglomerations still threaten liberties and make it increasingly difficult for the common man, or the plain folk, as Owsley called them, to own businesses, farms, homes, and land.

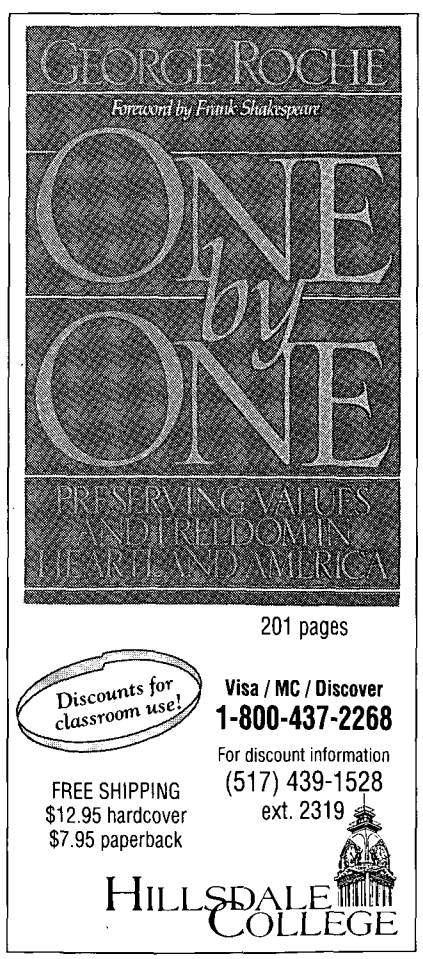
Perhaps Owsley's best-known book is *Plain Folk of the Old South*. It is true that he wrote about these plain folk with a certain amount of nostalgia, but what he observed and celebrated—their "integrity, independence, self-respect, courage, love of freedom"—might make any modern nostalgic. This work (coauthored by Harriet Owsley, as were many of Owsley's publications) has done much to overturn Marxist and northern myths about the South. According to the northern myth the Old South was comprised of three classes: the plantation aristocracy, the slaves, and the "poor white trash," who were politically, socially, and financially "disenfranchised" by the plantation system. Northern traveler Frederick Law Olmsted and British economist J.E. Cairnes were two 19th-century writers who popularized this myth. In our own day Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. continues to make use of stereotypical versions of Southern society.

From firsthand acquaintance with men and women who lived before the Civil War, Frank Owsley knew this simplistic three-tiered view of Southern society wasn't true. And this version of the Old South is now discredited, largely due to the researches of the Owsleys and their students. Ten years of research by the Owsley group—of county tax lists, manuscript census reports, diaries, memoirs, county histories, wills, county court minutes, marriage licenses, church records, and other sources—provide overwhelming proof that wealth and land were widely distributed among many economic groups in the Old South, and the largest group was neither rich nor poor: it was yeoman farmers and herdsmen of what we would call middle-class standing.

Ordinarily I share Flannery O'Connor's aversion to surveys and statistics and the abstract light they shed on men and affairs, yet I recognize a historian such as Owsley must and should resort to these sources and methods to discern clearer outlines of the past. As Donald Davidson has observed, sociology sometimes "proves what common-sense persons already knew. But in our violently statistical, researching age, it is extremely useful to have on hand several bales of data to feed the asses." In this context, the asses are followers of Olmsted and Cairnes, and South-bashing journalists such as H.L. Mencken and W.J. Cash, author of that mixture of poetry, rhetoric, and ideology entitled *The Mind of the South*. One of the virtues of Owsley's book is its attention to the culture of the plain folk as well as to economic statistics. Essentially conservative, the plain folk cherished their traditional folkways even as they ascended the economic ladder.

In places Harriet Chappell Owsley's narrative is wooden. But this fault is more than compensated for by many positive features. She has written an informative account of the intellectual and personal life of one of the South's major Southern historians. She fills in her narrative with revealing passages from her husband's unpublished memoir and from letters he exchanged with fellow historians and with many of the Agrarians. Her book provides a useful overview of major aspects of the cultural, economic, and social life in the antebellum South, and it has an index and a 12-page bibliography of the Owsleys' publications. Yet the book's most positive feature is Mrs. Owsley's intimate portrait of an admirable, humane historian.

Michael M. Jordan teaches English at Hillsdale College in Michigan.



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A Literary Lion

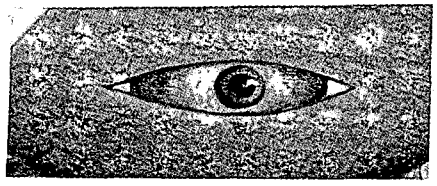
by Gregory McNamee

A Life of Kenneth Rexroth
by Linda Hamalian
New York: W.W. Norton;
444 pp., $25.00

Kenneth Rexroth and James Laughlin: Selected Letters
Edited by Lee Bartlett
New York: W.W. Norton;
292 pp., $27.50

◆

Kenneth Rexroth (1905-1982) may well be the greatest unread writer America has ever produced, and certainly among the most influential. Much postwar nonacademic poetry owes its origins, its way of perceiving the world as an object of lyrical meditation, and its fluid idiom to standards Rexroth set in such major works as "The Homestead Called Damascus" and "The Phoenix and the Turtle." Many contemporary poets, among them Gary Snyder, Allen Ginsberg, and Wendell



Berry, figure as his direct descendants.

As much as Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot, Rexroth helped revive an interest in classical literature and Chinese and Japanese poetry, and his translations, notably *One Hundred Poems from the Chinese* and *Poems from the Greek Anthology*, remain standards in their respective fields. Rexroth informed any number of social movements as well, from the Industrial Workers of the World to the antiwar activism of the 1960's and 1970's, and he lived the defiantly unfettered life of an anarchist artist, first in the bohemian Greenwich Village and Chicago of the 1920's and 30's, and later in San Francisco.

Although he is inarguably central to 20th-century American literary and intellectual history, Kenneth Rexroth's life and work remain little known. Like his near-contemporary and peer Edmund Wilson, he is only occasionally taught in the academy, and the critical and biographical work devoted to him has until now been all of an afternoon's reading. Linda Hamalian's newly published life of Kenneth Rexroth stands as a needed corrective, and is a welcome addition to the study of recent American letters.

Rexroth was born in the river country of north-central Illinois at a time when the Civil War and abolitionism were objects of living memory; his family could easily have figured in the pages of *Spoon River Anthology*. His early life was shaped by the fashions of free love, industrial socialism, and avant-garde art that radiated from the metropolis of Chicago into the surrounding countryside; following the death of his parents, the teenaged Rexroth dropped out of school (he would never earn an academic degree of any sort) and plunged into the heart of that exciting culture, befriending such men as G.K. Chesterton (who lived briefly in Chicago) and Samuel Putnam. Hamalian's account of Rexroth's early years is far and away the best part of her book, for in his untrustworthy *Autobiographical Novel* Rexroth grandly glamorized his adolescence as a petty criminal, bookish period that would have done François Villon proud. Rexroth's *Memoir* is a seductive book, however, and Hamalian now and again is too credulous of Rexroth's account of events, accepting as fact an unlikely romance with a "Navajo princess" and other signal moments that were surely the inventions of a youthful storyteller who nursed his fictions into old age.

For readers who regard Kenneth Rexroth as an intellectual hero, as I do, some of Linda Hamalian's findings will be disturbing: a series of adulterous affairs that broke one marriage after the next, a usually concealed but unnerving addiction to alcohol, a violent temper that wormed its way through the soul of this self-professed pacifist and conscientious objector, and a fondness for wild experimentation in matters of religion and ethics, which often left Rexroth without a center. (Rexroth supplemented his seminarian Catholicism with a diet of Zen Buddhism, Confucianism, and Hinduism, and arrived at his own sort of faith, one flexible enough to accommodate his need to wander both temporally and spiritually.)

These darker aspects are nowhere better demonstrated than in Rexroth's five-decade correspondence with James Laughlin, his publisher at New Directions. As Lee Bartlett's edition makes clear, Laughlin often felt the sting of Rexroth's daily worries. Most writers regard their publishers with mixed trust, but few would dare heap the sort of fantastic accusations that Rexroth often did on Laughlin, as in this letter of April 16, 1965:

> Your letter is the most insulting I have ever received from a publisher. It is not only insulting. It is fatuous, pusillanimous and stingy. These are the symptoms of senility, but now they have overwhelmed you. . . . What I want now is a quit-claim on all books of mine that you publish. . . . A man who is pathologically parsimonious is a dangerous man to do business with. By refusing to function as a businesslike publisher in your dealings with me but as a contemptuous dilettante indulging one of his "crazies," you have cost me a small fortune.

All this because Laughlin had dared ask for a reasonable sample of the manuscript of Rexroth's memoirs before offering a contract. In any event, Rexroth followed his outbursts with importunate apologies, often posted the same day, and Laughlin remained one of the poet's closest friends and confidants, for which he surely deserves a place in the niche of heaven reserved for editors.

Artists are often more renowned for the tempestuous and intemperate quality of their lives than for their work. Hamalian sensibly resists the morbid impulse to dwell on Rexroth's less attractive moments save as they figure in the makeup of the whole man, and she rightly spends most of her pages addressing the qualities that afford him a permanent—if still too little known—place in American writing. She provides an expert genealogy of Rexroth's literary descendants, and she suggests that the writer's contributions to poetry, social and literary criticism, and verse drama will continue to exercise their influence on American letters.

Gregory McNamee is a freelance writer and author living in Tucson, Arizona.

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Letter From Paris

by Curtis Cate

François Mitterrand: Metternich or Gladstone?

◆

Two troublesome problems have, from time immemorial, bedeviled political regimes of every sort, from the most autocratic despotisms to the most wildly permissive of democracies. The first is the problem of advancing age and the kind of *rigor mentis* that is apt to afflict rulers during the final years of their "reigns." The second, closely linked to the first, is the perennial problem of political succession — the problem that hereditary monarchies long sought to solve through the principle of primogeniture, but which, as the recent downfall of Margaret Thatcher proved, can also plague constitutional monarchies.

The extravagantly long reign of Louis XIV — no less than 72 years (1643-1715) — is a classic case of the *rigor mentis* that can all too easily overtake rulers in their declining years. Although it would be rash and simplistic to claim that everything he did during the first forty years of his reign was truly enlightened, it is certain that from the year 1685 on, when under the influence of a bigoted mistress he repealed the Edict of Nantes that had granted French Protestants freedom of worship in a predominantly Catholic France, thus precipitating a catastrophic exodus of honest, hardworking Huguenots toward Protestant Prussia, almost everything Louis XIV undertook was to the long-term detriment of France.

Another classic example of mental ossification is that of Metternich of Austria, that paragon of conservative "statesmanship" whose 39-year reign (1809-1848) dedicated to immobile "order" and "stability" came to grief in the revolutionary upheavals of 1848.

Our own century has already produced a dozen examples of political senility. We can begin the list with France's two First World War leaders, Georges Clemenceau and Raymond Poincaré — the first of whom at the age of 75 sabotaged the young Emperor Karl of Austria's sensible attempt to negotiate peace with the Allies in 1916-1917, while the second's brutal policy toward Germany in the early 1920's helped to fan the patriotic resentment that brought Adolf Hitler to power ten years later. There is the pathetic case of Franklin Roosevelt, whose last two years culminated in the diplomatic debacle of Yalta and the sudden arrival at the White House of an inexperienced successor, Harry Truman, who until he assumed office had been casually excluded from regular cabinet meetings. Though markedly different in their philosophical and political ideals, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, Antonio Salazar of Portugal, and Enver Hoxha of Albania were all dedicated to maintaining a virtually immutable status quo for a number of decades. There is the case of Leonid Brezhnev, whose name is now synonymous with political and economic stagnation, and, on a more monstrous level, there is that of Joseph Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili who, had he not suffered a lethal stroke in his 74th year (1953), would have plunged his country into the abyss of another Stalinist purge. There is the equally grotesque case of Mao Tse-tung, who was persuaded by a fanatical mistress-wife to embark on a "Cultural Revolution" that cost China millions of lives.

Even leaders who have every right to be regarded as great political figures can easily fall victim to the stubborn obtuseness and overconfidence that dogs those who have enjoyed a relatively long period in power. Classic in this respect was the inflexible behavior of the octogenarian Konrad Adenauer in August 1961 when, in response to the challenging erection of Walter Ulbricht's wall, he refused to fly immediately to Berlin, preferring instead to deliver a partisan campaign speech in which he referred slightingly to his rival, Willy Brandt, Oberürgermeister of Berlin, as "Herr Frahm" (a cruel reference to the Socialist leader's illegitimate birth) — a major tactical blunder that cost Adenauer's CDU party dearly in the subsequent elections. For good measure and to bring the list back to France, we can also cite the case of Charles de Gaulle who, not content to get rid of his prime minister, Georges Pompidou — for having failed to deal properly with the student uprisings of May-June 1968 and, even worse, for having dared to suggest that he should be the General's logical successor to the presidency — proceeded in 1969 to commit political hara-kiri by trying to do away with the French Senate on the spurious grounds that it had outlived its usefulness as a "secondary" parliamentary chamber.

Which brings us to François Mitterrand, who last May celebrated the tenth anniversary of his accession to the presidency at the respectable age of 73. Nobody could reasonably accuse this extraordinary political chameleon of having lost his flair for flexible maneuver, as was brilliantly demonstrated during the Persian Gulf crisis, when his performance in seeking to play the role of honest or at least "comprehending" broker between George Bush and Saddam Hussein was a minor *chef-d'oeuvre* of diplomatic ambiguity. And yet . . . and yet . . . the implausible is now happening, and certain Frenchmen who are anything but crackpots have begun comparing François Mitterrand to Prince Metternich, no less!

Unless I am mistaken, the first to make this striking comparison was Paul Fabra. A veteran observer of the economic scene, Paul Fabra has long written commentaries on the international situation that are relegated to the back pages of *Le Monde*. But early last July the editors of France's most prestigious daily decided to give Fabra's latest contribution front-page prominence under the arresting headline and subtitle, "Mitterrand-Metternich: Does the Chief of State like Europe as much as might be hoped?"

The answer to this question was a resounding no. Ever since the sudden collapse of the Berlin Wall, celebrated

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on November 9, 1989, with fireworks and champagne, the French president and his foreign policy advisers have, according to Fabra, done everything possible to maintain the old status quo in Europe. So perturbed was François Mitterrand by that totally unexpected "happening" that on December 6, 1989, he made a hasty trip to Kiev to discuss this worrying development with Mikhail Gorbachev, followed several weeks later by a hasty trip to East Germany, which could only be interpreted as a gesture of goodwill toward Erich Honecker and other discredited Communist leaders. Neither of these needless diplomatic forays was accidental; on the contrary, both reflected the conviction formulated by Foreign Minister Roland Dumas to the French National Assembly on November 15, 1989 (exactly six days after the Berlin Wall's collapse), in these anything but prescient words: "We know today that the reunification [of Germany] cannot be a current problem" (in French, a "*problème d'actualité*").

Old prejudices die hard, even in supposedly Cartesian France, and this particular Germanphobia has proved to be one of them. But what is truly astounding, as Fabra went on to point out, is that this stubborn hostility to change has not simply been focused on a disintegrating Soviet Union and an ominously reuniting Germany; it has embraced virtually all of the countries of Central and Eastern Europe. Thus, on the eve of the June 12-14 conference that was organized this year in Prague, under the chairmanship of Vaclav Havel, to discuss the feasibility of forming a European Confederation (a pet Mitterrand project), the French president roundly declared, with an arrogance even Charles de Gaulle would have been hard put to match, that it would be "tens and tens of years" before the suppliant countries of Central and Eastern Europe would be allowed admission to that exclusive club, the European Economic Community.

There is, of course, nothing new or specifically French about this reluctance to accept change in Central and Eastern Europe. Ever since 1968 (and I would be tempted to say ever since 1961, when General de Gaulle's reaction to the erection of the Berlin Wall was as loftily abstract as Harold Macmillan's and Jack Kennedy's), the prevailing instinct among Western leaders has been "not to rock the boat." And indeed, so ingrained has this apprehensive instinct become in France that it has almost always been members of the opposition who, usually for purely partisan reasons, have upheld "dissidents" and others in communist countries who were challenging the hated "system." Thus, during the late 1970's, it was none other than François Mitterrand who once took Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to task for having flown to Warsaw to see Leonid Brezhnev, as though to seek his approval before an important meeting of European ministers, stigmatizing the French president as "the messenger-boy from Venice."

As Fabra was writing his lead article for *Le Monde*, another threat to the established order was exploding in Yugoslavia. And how did François Mitterrand react to this new crisis? Exactly as did almost every other leader in the West—and here we must include James Baker. He condemned the immoderate haste that Slovenes and Croatians were displaying in deciding to break away from an overly centralized "federation" dominated by a still communist-controlled Serbia.

Just six days after the publication of Fabra's front-page article, *Le Monde* (July 9) published an even more blistering critique, in the form of an interview with philosopher Alain Finkielkraut. And once again the Metternichean comparison was rolled out of the cupboard.

> The Soviet Union and Serbia depend on the West for their survival. It is thus possible to get Gorbachev to come to terms, just as yesterday it was possible to force the Belgrade government to accept the transformation of Yugoslavia into a confederation of Sovereign states. Instead of that, our president has chosen the perpetuation of colonialism and injustice. He could, like Metternich, say: "With me, the first moral element is immobility"—but with this difference, that Metternich knew very well that he was combating liberal principles, whereas our president proclaims himself to be their defender. What a flabbergasting diplomacy, which sides with the crushing of small nations in the name of the struggle against nationalism. A republic that keeps spouting about "differences," but which wants to see one head and one head only in Europe, a republic that honors hip-hop culture and which is impudently ignorant of Slovene culture. Long live *le rap*! Down with Slovenia! The two things go hand in hand.

But, the observant reader may at this point ask, what has Gladstone to do with all this? And why should his name be associated in any way with that of François Mitterrand? William Gladstone, an emphatic liberal in the 19th-century meaning of this now shopworn term, was the very opposite of Metternich, a resolute advocate of "change" and "progress." Shortly after his triumphal return to power in 1893, at the robust age of 84, he tried to rush a bill through Parliament intended to settle the Irish problem "once and for all." The House of Commons, however, refused to be stampeded, and Gladstone came a cropper. It was then that Lord Randolph Churchill, Winston's father, described Gladstone as an "old man in a hurry."

Is François Mitterrand this kind of old man? Almost certainly not. But certain disturbing developments suggest that he, too, is in a hurry. There is, for example, his latest folly in the field of architechtonic grandiosity: the four-towered complex of the future Grande Bibliothèque de France, which will soon disgrace the skyline of southeastern Paris, a monumental steel-glass-and-concrete mausoleum in which library bookworms will have to do their borrowing underground.

Then there is the French president's immoderate haste in wishing to make his peace with Khomeini's successors by making a state visit to Tehran. The way for this dubious initiative was paved some months ago by the arbitrary release from prison (ordered by Mitterrand) of Anis Naccache, the terrorist leader of a five-man commando squad whom Khomeini had dispatched to Paris in the early 1980's to assassinate

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Iran's former prime minister, Shahpur Bakhtiar, and who, though failing to finish off the "criminal," managed to gun down and kill an innocent woman and a French policeman.

Did Valéry Giscard d'Estaing (now trying to stage a political comeback) denounce this craven capitulation to crass expediency? Not that I know of, and for a simple reason. In January 1979, when Shahpur Bakhtiar was belatedly appointed premier by the reluctant shah of Iran, he immediately summoned the French ambassador and asked him to transmit an urgent telegram to the Quai d'Orsay in Paris, requesting that the French government do everything in its power to delay Khomeini's departure from his refuge at Neauphle-le-Château, west of Paris. The message was received by the foreign minister, Jean François-Poncet, who dutifully transmitted the request to President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. "Nothing doing!" was Giscard's glib reply, dictated by some arcane motive of Machiavellian *Unrealpolitik*. France had no "legal" way of preventing the ayatollah from returning to his homeland if he wished.

Few French men and women know this shocking story, and even fewer are aware of the no less shocking sequel. Not only did Giscard d'Estaing fail to raise a finger to impede Khomeini's departure, he even offered him an Air France plane to carry him back in magic carpet triumph to Tehran. When the ayatollah and his joyous suite reached the special plane, parked on an Orly airfield tarmac, they were greeted by four hostesses wearing neat Air France caps. The ayatollah stopped, scowled, and issued a gruff command in Persian, duly translated into French. Those four hostesses had to wear a *chador* before he would deign to set a sandal inside that airliner. Fortunately for the honor of France, or what is left of it, the four hostesses refused. Whereupon the directors of Air France had them replaced by four male stewards.

"I feel nothing but contempt for Monsieur Giscard d'Estaing," Shahpur Bakhtiar said to me several years ago when I went to call on him at his well-guarded villa in the western suburbs of Suresnes. "François Mitterrand, on the other hand, has the makings of a statesman."

Today, I can't help wondering if this is still his feeling. (Editor's note: Mr. Bakhtiar was found stabbed to death at his villa on August 8.)

Curtis Cate, a biographer and historian, has for years been a disabused observer of French politics and politicians.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Taking the Tenth

◆

A year or so ago, a concerned citizen asked Carl Fox, our district attorney, to listen to 2 Live Crew's nasty album *As Nasty as They Wanna Be*. Professor Henry Louis Gates, Jr., of the Duke English department had just argued in the *New York Times* that the album's lyrics were a valid expression of the vibrant folk culture of African-Americans, but our D.A. wasn't buying it. He's black himself, but he didn't have the advantage of a Duke education, having gone instead to the state university (where, as a matter of fact, he took a course from me). Carl thought the record was both misogynistic and obscene, as it most certainly was, and announced that he would prosecute any record dealer who sold it in his jurisdiction.

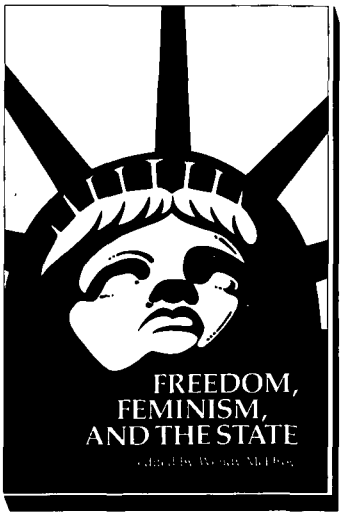
Guess what? His phone started ringing off the hook, and before very long, he backed down. He said that most of the voters who elected him appear to believe, "shockingly so, that the only thing that should be restricted is child sex."

I'm glad he's shocked, but he's probably right about voter opinion. I'm afraid putting up with obscene rap songs is one of the prices we have to pay for the dwindling pleasure of living in Chapel Hill. Those of us who believe in local control have to take the bitter with the sweet.

* * *

You know, communities really ought to decide these matters for themselves, even if they decide wrong. But our legal system doesn't make that easy. The Supreme Court now includes "contemporary community standards"

WOMEN VERSUS THE STATE



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as part of the definition of obscenity, but recent experience as an expert witness in a Charlotte pornography trial—expert, I hasten to add, in social research methods, not pornography—leads me to conclude that the Supremes have screwed up again. (They mean well—but, then, they usually do.)

Let me tell you about that trial. The Charlotte police busted two out-of-staters who owned and ran an "adult" video-rental shop, and their lawyer, a big gun from Detroit, commissioned a bunch of surveys to show that their merchandise didn't violate Mecklenberg County's standards. I was hired to vet the methods used.

The surveys did show, essentially, that most Charlotteans believe their neighbors ought to be able to watch any damn video they want, even one rented from a Yankee-owned smut shop. In other words, Charlotte seems to have no standards, at least in this matter.

You might think that would settle it, but think again. The prosecutor argued that the jury, as representatives of the community, could ascertain the community's standards by introspection, and when the judge ruled the survey evidence inadmissible on technical grounds they had to. The jury was heavily weighed (literally) with middle-aged black women who looked like good churchgoers to me; how the defense lawyer ever let *that* happen I can't imagine, but it didn't surprise me when they concluded that a couple of the films in question were obscene. (They found that several others, indistinguishable to the untutored eye, were not, and I still can't decide whether that was Solomonic or just nonsensical.) Last I heard, the decision had been upheld on appeal and the defendants were looking at something like seven years in the pokey.

I actually feel sorry for them, but not because I have any problem with Charlotte's trying to close their business down. In fact, if I lived in Charlotte, I'd be for it, in a casual sort of way. I don't think *Debbie Does Dallas* is what Thomas Jefferson had in mind—although with Jefferson you never know, do you? I don't have any problem with harsh sentences for "victimless" crimes either, although it's true that lots of murderers these days don't pull as much time as these guys are going to.

But there *is* something wrong when it takes an elaborate and expensive trial to figure out, not what you've done, but whether it breaks the law. Consulting "contemporary community standards" is a great idea, in principle, but even if you get them right (by survey research, say) they can change. And if jurymen are going to tell you what the standards are by examining their consciences, standards are going to change from jury to jury. It seems to me that laws ought to be written so you can know when you're breaking them.

Most other countries have obscenity laws like that, but lately our courts won't let us have them. It has become so hard to figure out what you can forbid and what you can't that the temptation is just to give up and allow *anything*.

Here's where decentralization could come to the rescue, if we'd let it. If the federal courts want to tie themselves in knots about what can be sent through the U.S. mails, that's OK. But if Charlotte's elected government wants to forbid over-the-counter traffic in video nasties, what's that to the rest of us? If dirty old Charlotteans can drive to Chapel Hill and buy anything short of child pornography, or mail-order it from an 800 number, or get it from the inevitable black market, what is it even to them? It seems to me that the citizens of Charlotte should be able to use their representative institutions to establish "contemporary community standards" of decency in their common, public life—especially if they can do pretty much what they please behind closed doors. Anyone who really wants to live where he can buy *Animal Lovers* at every convenience store can move. What's wrong with that?

* * *

True, we have a meddlesome federal government that recognizes no limits on its authority and is prepared to make all our states and communities look alike in various ways. The Tenth Amendment was almost a dead letter even before the states' pigging out at the federal fisc gave the federales the lever they needed to dictate everything from drinking ages and school-bus colors to speed limits and cable television rates.

But it's interesting that they haven't seen fit to impose uniformity in every respect—even in some fairly important respects. Maybe we could use those chinks to make a case for allowing diversity in other areas. But we need to be more consistent about it.

It seems to be settled, for example, that it's no business of mine, as a North Carolinian, if Louisiana lets grocery stores sell liquor, or Massachusetts runs a lottery, or Nevada permits brothels. It also appears that Californians can legalize sodomy and (for the time being) that Georgians can forbid it, without interference from the rest of us. That's all fine with me. How about you?

Well, if you're still with me, how about if Utah rethinks polygamy again, or Oregon wants to legalize marijuana? What's your beef?

I can argue this case with some sincerity because—to get right down to it here—I do just barely care what other states do. As far as I'm concerned, Californians can outlaw North Carolina's cigarettes, we'll outlaw their pornography, and everyone will be healthier. Californians who want their smokes and Carolinians who want their smut can move, smuggle, or do without. That's what the Founding Fathers had in mind, or should have.

Of course you have to draw the line somewhere—at slavery, for example. We settled that. Some individual rights do trump corporate liberties. Even a North Carolinian wouldn't get to be indifferent to, let's say, a neo-Aztec revival of human sacrifice in New Mexico. And those who see abortion as human sacrifice without even a propitiatory motive, like those who see its absence as a form of slavery, won't find the Hatch Amendment a satisfactory resolution of that troublesome question.

No, decentralization wouldn't mean tranquillity in every respect. In fact, it's a recipe for *more* conflict of a wholesome sort: conflict about where to draw the line. I seem to recall that William Buckley wrote once that much of libertarianism is foolishness, but that our politics would be healthier if we were actually debating whether to sell the lighthouses. Just so, I think we'd be better off if the debate about states' and communities' rights were taking place well to windward of where we are now.

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Alas, though, it's not just liberals who want to centralize power in D.C. My principal complaint about the neoconservatives that some of my *Chronicles* colleagues have been bashing with such gusto lately is their enthusiasm for federal solutions to problems. Sure, they're real problems, but so is the metastasis of federal intrusion, especially since half the time it wouldn't work right anyway.

Chester Finn, late of the USDOE, has said a lot of smart things about education, for example, but he said a monumentally dumb one when he called recently for a national curriculum. Principles aside, he needs to reflect that such an innovation could as well be used for experiments in multicultural empowerment as for the sort of little civics lessons he has in mind—and it undoubtedly would be, as soon as the Democrats won a presidential election.

Neocons may be especially unreliable on this score, but they're not alone. As I write, for instance, my state's senior senator is calling for a federal law to punish HIV-infected healthcare workers who knowingly treat patients. Now, that might make a pretty good *state* law. We could pass it in North Carolina, our HIV-positive doctors and dentists could move to states that hadn't passed it, and—well, we'd see, wouldn't we? But I can't begin to imagine why Senator Helms thinks this is an appropriate subject for federal regulation. There must be something in the water in Washington.

That would also explain why, when Representative Henry Hyde of Illinois got annoyed at attempts by the Sensitivity Police to ban "hate speech" on some of our more fashionable campuses, he jettisoned his limited-government principles and introduced a bill that would forbid private colleges and universities to interfere with student speech.

That idea stinks to begin with. Conservatives should have better things to do than protecting students' rights to call each other "nigger" and "faggot." Sometimes colleges and universities *ought* to regulate what their undergraduates say. *My* ideal college would throw students out if they didn't behave like ladies and gentlemen, and calling each other hateful names would do it. (Of course, so would occupying the dean's office or disrupting Republican politicians' speeches—even Henry Hyde's.)

But the important, apparently forgotten point is that these are private, voluntary institutions we're talking about. What they do in this respect—even when they do stupid, wrongheaded things—should be no business of the government's. Religious schools should be allowed to forbid blasphemy, if they want to, and if Duke wants to become the Bob Jones of the left, it's entitled. It's a free country, as we used to say (back when we also said "sound as a dollar").

* * *

We decentralists can take comfort from the fact that, however futile and unavailing our views may seem to be, time is really on our side. I attribute my sunny and equable temperament to that. Come what may from Washington, I'm calm. Grants for performance artists, pay raises for Congressmen, minority set-asides, New World Orders—none of this discourages or depresses me. Whatever detestable enormities our would-be leaders visit upon us, I comfort myself by reflecting on a simple truth:

Anything that tends to bring the federal government into disrepute isn't all bad.

John Shelton Reed wants to re-ratify the Tenth Amendment, adding the words "and this time we really mean it."

Letter From New York

by Murray N. Rothbard

The Long Hot Summer

◆

July 18, 1991. The temperature was 99 degrees, the hottest day since the summer of 1988. The humidity, as usual, was stratospheric (undoubtedly the reason they stopped broadcasting the Temperature Humidity Index years ago). The hitherto unknown Coalition for Black and Hispanic Jobs at the Port of New York Authority decided that this was the time to strike. The Coalition, in a commando raid, drove up some huge trucks and blockaded the routes in and out of Kennedy Airport on the afternoon of the 18th, tying up traffic for up to five hours. Cars overheated, tempers were even more explosive. The nightly TV news broadcasts, as ever an exercise in political correctness, televised some remarkably calm and gentle New Yorkers: "Gee, I'm sympathetic with their aims, but not when I have to sit here and swelter for five hours." Yeah, sure. And, as we like to say in New York, if you believe that was the typical reaction I have a bridge across the East River I'm willing to sell you for a few hundred dollars in cash.

Every summer New York goes another few steps down the road to perdition. Every summer the city gets hotter in every which way. In contrast to the winter, when the cold keeps what is euphemistically known as "the community" off the streets, summer is the time for Street Life. As a result, this year, far more people have been shot by random violence. You have to understand: these shootings are not malicious, just the result of high spirits, part of New York self-expression and "street culture," which entails shooting off rounds of gunshots into the air, some of which are inconsiderate enough to pour into random windows and injure people inside. There were no official race riots this year or boycotts of Korean grocers (at least not as of this writing), but everyone admits that racial incidents have been escalating. Violence was also stimulated, as elsewhere in the country, by showings of the movie *Boyz N the Hood*. Apparently showings of street gang violence in Los Angeles stimulate the youthful lads in the audience to instantaneous emulation, shooting off rounds of gunfire in the theater, which injured several of the patrons of the movie in the once highly touted Fulton Street mall that was supposed to help redeem downtown Brooklyn. (Interestingly enough, no one ever presumes to advocate gun control as a cure for New York violence. Since New York has one of the strictest gun control laws in the country, such a suggested cure would be laughed out of court.)

But while violence gets publicity, it really touches only a small minority of New Yorkers. The real problem of New York living is what is laughingly referred to as the "quality of life," which in effect means continuous *has-*

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sle. There are all sorts of unwritten rules for comfortable as well as safe living in New York. One of them is to *keep moving*, making minimal eye contact. If a guy on the street tells you a story, don't listen, move on; let him harass the next sucker. If you stop for more than ten seconds to contemplate some sight or to meditate on the passing scene, make no mistake: someone, some creep, is going to harass you. Not mug or assault you, mind, just harass you. The content of this ubiquitous street hassling has changed over the years. In the old days, it was likely to be some obscure religious ranting. Recently, it has all boiled down to money. Over the last few summers, the begging has become more insistent. As you drive into New York by tunnel, for example, the first person to greet you at the first red light will be a bum insisting on "wiping" your front windshield with a foul and smelly rag. You pay him money to *avoid* his clumsy farce of cleaning your car.

On the street, it used to be that the bums would sit against the storefronts, nodding out, cups or hats held aloft. Over the years, they became more energetic and aggressive, probably from being well subsidized, and they started standing in the middle of the sidewalk, accosting each passerby in turn. The trick is to spot these guys by looking well ahead, and, if you see one, *avoid* him. Last summer, I spotted a change: the bums got still more energetic and aggressive, giving you lip, actually pursuing you along the way, demanding dough. Again, the preferred tactic is to barrel ahead, even engage in some broken-field running, anything to turn the bum's attention to the next mark.

This summer the bums, while still energetic, are becoming increasingly incoherent, so it is not even clear what their muttered story is all about. No matter: don't succumb to natural curiosity. Whatever the bum's saga is, you don't want to know it. Keep going.

The quality of life has also been clobbered this year by another odious trend: the streets have gotten far smellier. Let's face it: New York streets were never like Disney World, immaculate and even lovable. But things have gotten a lot worse. In the first place, the environmentalists have been cracking down on the blissfully cleansing incinerators, and forcing more and more garbage to be collected in bags; but the bags have been piling up, as budget cuts have added to the usual cosmic inefficiency of all government operations. In addition to the mounds of garbage festering in the heat, the beloved "homeless" have been proliferating like mad, camping out all over New York, and the resulting use of New York streets as a network of outdoor toilets has, as one might expect, greatly added to the stench of the Big Apple.

As everyone knows, New York has also been suffering from another one of its periodic Budget Crises. As in every other state and city, budgets go up sharply during boom periods, ostensibly to keep up with growth and the resulting "demand" for government services. Then, in recessions, such as we're in now, government expenditures still go up, this time allegedly to combat the recession. As a result, Parkinson's law of government applies: regardless of what happens, government spending increases. But, during recessions, tax revenues decline because of the drop in economic activity, and so deficits get even worse than usual. Since state and local governments can't print money the way the federal government can, they have to make some sort of stab at balancing their budget. Given that actually cutting the budget is unthinkable, the result is higher tax rates, which makes the economic situation still worse, crippling economic activity during the recession and even permanently. In this way, state and local governments engage in a downward spiral toward disaster. New York, of course, has been in the forefront of this process.

Out of the latest budget crisis, one thing is crystal clear: Mayor David Dinkins is universally considered to be a dithering nitwit. It is doubtful if, at this point, he could get any political support beyond his family and campaign staff. More interesting has been the shrewd maneuvering of Governor Mario Cuomo. Moving fiscally rightward during the crisis, Cuomo was able to play off the notorious Tweedledum-Tweedledee nature of New York state politics by denouncing (correctly) the Republican state legislative leaders as big spenders. In addition to actually eliminating 18,000 state jobs, Cuomo maintained that he would not raise the already catastrophically high state income tax by even a "smidgen." Cuomo finally caved in, of course, but less blatantly than George Bush after his repeated injunctions to "read my lips." Intriguingly, too, Cuomo's campaign manager in his first race for governor, the astute William Stern, has quit the Democratic Party and denounced the Republicans to join full-time a new political formation called Change NY, consisting of free-enterprisers like Lew Lehrman, who was the Republican candidate against Cuomo in that original race.

While the chances of Mario emerging as the right-wing candidate for President are, of course, miniscule, as a Democratic candidate Cuomo would be light-years ahead of his colleagues in intelligence and wit. And though the chances of a northeastern ethnic governor actually winning the presidency are slight, I for one would go a long way to see the street-smart, fast-on-his-feet New Yorker in a TV debate with the blithering Poppy. In some things, at least, New York still shines.

Murray N. Rothbard is a professor of economics at the University of Las Vegas and vice president for academic affairs at the Ludwig von Mises Institute.

LIBERAL ARTS

LIARS AND FIGURES

The Commerce Department released a report last June showing that America is still the world's largest debtor nation, but by using new methods of calculation it succeeded in cutting the amount of the national debt by more than half. Under the old method, the nation's net international position, defined as the imbalance between what Americans own overseas and what foreigners own in this country, stood at $663.75 billion at the end of 1989. Using two new methods of calculating this figure, the Commerce Department said the deficit was either $463.96 billion or even $281.44 billion. Commerce Department officials denied that there was any political pressure from the Bush administration to alter the figures.

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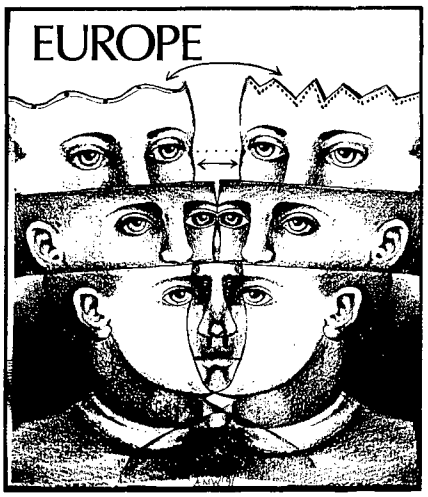

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Disneyland and the Real World

by Thomas Molnar

Capitalism and the New World Order

During a recent lecture tour I had occasion to reacquaint myself with the Pacific Northwest, where I used to teach some thirty years ago. The region offers lessons in the difference between American conditions and economic management and most of the rest of the world, to which the New World Order promises paradise: democracy, capitalism, human rights. Of the two states I visited, Washington is the more prosperous, although its timber industry has been cut down to size due to ecological considerations. This is also true of Oregon, but this state does not have Boeing and its auxiliary industries that make Seattle a boomtown compared to Portland. Yet what is striking in both states is the relatively smooth adjustment to vast changes, which results from a highly developed infrastructure that benefits new ventures. This infrastructure is coupled with a ready, mobile population, in southern Oregon in particular, where Californians have been relocating to escape high taxes and real estate prices. Similarly, many Oregonians move to Washington.

Such a situation, which is valid for the entire country with few exceptions, has a detrimental effect on our thinking about the rest of the world. We are so hypnotized by the American model that we commit the frivolous act of imagining it is workable elsewhere, when in reality there are absolutely no terms of comparison. Those now in intellectual power, from George Bush to Francis Fukuyama, have persuaded themselves that the latest American success story is also valid "out there," and that a rich and victorious West can automatically bring improvements to South America, Eastern Europe, India, and the Middle East. The illusion is not only American. I well remember the first meeting of UNCTAD, a U.N.-sponsored organization to help decolonized Africa. Fabulous percentages of aid were committed by the developed nations, up to 3 percent of their annual GNP. Through various stages of decrease, UNCTAD's contribution is now down to 0.1 percent—with the overall picture having become far worse and the population of this area having grown by hundreds of millions of people. In the 1960's three sage men—Willy Brandt, Pietro Nenni, and Pierre Mendès-France—proposed similarly fabulous investments in underdeveloped areas (baptized "developing countries") and taxing Western nations for the benefit of Africa and Asia. Yet, a generation later, the U.N. Program for Development reports that in 1990, 93 percent of all births took place in underdeveloped countries. General summary: "Future international migrations will go beyond the numbers which populated originally the United States, Canada, and Australia." This means, according to the report, some 200 million migrating people in the coming decade.

Suggesting that capitalism will solve these on-going and developing tragedies is nothing less than obscene, and worse, infantile. The statement is correct in the Pacific Northwest where infrastructure, tradition, and cooperation between the state and an economically articulate citizenry are taken for granted. Temporary setbacks are remedied. But carry the message and the method to the previously mentioned areas, and you see that they bring even more misery, corruption, inequality, and more wealth going to the already wealthy. Is it, as the slogan has it, that these areas and mentalities are infected by "socialism" and lurking agents of Moscow and Beijing? This is the comfortable view that ignores local realities and mentalities thousands of years old. It also ignores the fundamental difference between capitalism and the free market, because it assumes that the former is a mere further-development of the latter, a false vision. The free market is as old as mankind, its origin is the marketplace all over the world. It is also the basis of papal thinking in successive encyclicals, the last one being no exception. Capitalism, on the other hand, is more than a quantum-leap beyond the free market in matters of human transactions; it presents itself as a changed and reorganized way of life with profit at its center and with a leviathan-like organization of publicity, mechanization of the human nexus, impersonal and obsessive propaganda, and the tearing to shreds of private life, education, and culture. When huge economic and political powers preach capitalism to small and fragile countries with primitive econom-

LIBERAL ARTS

UP IS DOWN

The *Pittsburgh Press* reported last July that $20 million in bonuses were paid to 97 percent of the Postal Service executives eligible for them in the 1988, 1989, and 1990 fiscal years. The bonuses averaged more than $5,000 each. In this period, the Postal Service reported a total deficit of $1.4 billion. Postmaster General Anthony Frank defended the policy, saying, "We're not being profligate with the public's money," and added, "I am recommending that we go to 30 cents because if we get 30 cents, we would need to bother the American people but once more with a rate increase in this decade."

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ic structures, the consequence is not prosperity *à la* Seattle, but rather the sharpening of class differences and the sacrifice of local culture.

In short, the New World Order perspective—recognized abroad as a will to extend the American market—commits the same error that President Wilson and Robert Lansing, his secretary of state, made in 1917 when they planned to turn the world into a club friendly to the United States; a club, as Lansing wrote to Wilson, of democratic regimes—of which, in the President's own words before the Senate in 1917, the new Russia will also be a part after the czar's overthrow and the ascendancy of the Bolsheviks. True, there is for the moment no bulky enemy on the horizon, which is certainly one cause of the exuberance in certain circles. Yet the sum total of the situation would recommend moderate views and prudence.

The reason why the picture is not likely to change is that while from the Western perspective these moneys poured down the drain could find better outlets, as in education and health services, the structure of life and beliefs in these countries and regions cannot, and perhaps should not, be uprooted. Americans ought finally to grasp that just as the famous American way of life is not easily subject to change, so are other nations similarly committed to their own tribes, social systems, and religious creeds. And these other ways of life often have divine and sacred dictates behind them. There is also the notion of great and rich powers sharing the planet with smaller and weaker ones. It has been shown that the expenditures made during the ten days of the Gulf War—beneficial for mankind, we were told—would have covered the cost of immunizing all of the world's children against maladies for ten years to come. Would that knowledge stop George Bush in his crusading élan, yesterday against Saddam Hussein, tomorrow against another, arbitrarily chosen enemy? Obviously not, as it had not stopped Caesar, Napoleon, or Bismarck. In its fundamentals, the world remains what it has been.

Every planetary project, whether of George Bush, UNCTAD, or of the three wise men mentioned above, aims—through Hegel's famous "cunning of history"—to make the West richer, to make the Third World poorer, and to prompt new Third World millions to migrate to some accessible part of the West, where they create new problems, unemployment, fiscal troubles, and racial conflict. This is a truer version of the "circulation of the world economy" than the much-advertised "aid to underdeveloped countries." But if another datum is needed to illustrate this point, here it is: a large proportion of U.S. foreign aid is destined for the defense expenditures of Israel, Egypt, Pakistan, and Turkey, which may explain the underpinnings of the Desert Storm operation. At any rate, so-called "humanitarian" aid (like health and irrigation projects) represents less than one percent of American aid. Once again, we should look at this disproportion as the normal part of international relations, but then we should also be more circumspect with our promises of a New World Order with capitalist and democratic prosperity. For us, yes; not for them.

Is "socialism" the alternative? It is not, for it too is a system of exploitation, not only on account of its built-in flaws but because of the many local situations in the world that neither Washington nor other capitals can magically transform. Let us take India and Eastern Europe. The recent assassination of Rajiv Gandhi brings the former into focus with all its dead-end streets. India is, in fact, emblematic of Western reform and development policy, and there is no American newspaper that does not refer to it as the "world's largest democracy." India is, of course, neither democratic nor capitalist, nor even socialist; it is 850 million people, of which only a handful are prosperous (some of these immensely wealthy), with the masses unimaginably miserable. Visitors and investors are offered, just like today in Eastern Europe, agreeable prospects because they meet local people who think like they do and who studied at Oxford, the Australian universities, and in America, persons who are well-trained in banking and the stock market. India is the only spiritual land I know, but it is also a land of wretched villages, gurus, child prostitutes, and enormous famines. How could the West "solve" India's "problems"?

When polled, East European people are for the free market; when asked further, close to 40 percent add two provisos: the market should not be allowed to turn into a capitalist system with its ferocious competition, lack of job security, and all-invading advertisement (such as on television, which in these areas is still remarkably cultural); and in order to prevent such a course—of a market economy devolving into capitalism—people expect the government—yes, in spite of the communist experiment—to keep an eye on the use of resources and to retain a substantial segment of the economy, up to 30 percent, under its direct management. Of course, the Hayeks and Friedmans throw up their hands and the Galbraiths exult; however, this *is* public opinion today in Eastern Europe. It is one thing to reach for the goods delivered by a consumer society, but quite another to reorganize the economy and the culture along its lines. If this is a paradox, we must live with it. If offered a choice, people would opt—using Ferdinand Tönnies's distinction—for *Gemeinschaft* rather than *Gesellschaft*, the spontaneous, organic community over the formal, urban society. The West's refusal to acknowledge this hidden preference caused havoc in the past, and may again do so in the coming years.

There is no reason to be pessimistic (other than what realism dictates), but it would be out of place to regard the events of the last two years, from the collapse of the Berlin Wall to Desert Storm, as a succession of unquestioned triumphs. After all, Washington has discredited itself further in the eyes of the Arabs: by an essentially stalemated situation around Iraq, and the handing over of Lebanon to Syria as payment for services rendered by Assad. In Europe, too, people are now taking a second look at the anti-Baghdad "coalition," recognizing that the crusade was not in their interest. But the most important lessons to be drawn from the last two years are not that history has come to an end and that America reaps the benefits, but that Seattle and its splendid glass-and-steel towers are no model for mankind.

Thomas Molnar's most recent book is The Church, Pilgrim of Centuries *(Eerdmans).*

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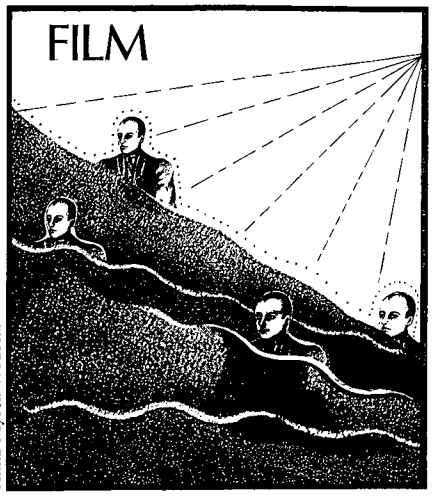

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Creations Great and Small

by David R. Slavitt

Impromptu
Produced by Stuart Oken and Daniel A. Sherkow
Directed by James Lapine
Screenplay by Sarah Kernochan
Distributed by Hemdale Films

Terminator 2: Judgment Day
Produced and directed by James Cameron
Screenplay by James Cameron and William Wisher
A Carolco Picture
Released by Tri-Star

Sumer was icumen in. The air conditioners were humming and the monstro-humungus blockbusters were opening. The biggest of the monsters, the Mount Pinatubo of the summer releases, was *Terminator 2*, the costs of which the producers denied were in excess of $100 million. Nobody argued, though, that this wasn't the most expensive film in history. Arnold Schwarzenegger's fee alone was considerably more than the $6 million that represented the total budget of the original *Terminator*. But as the slogan in the ads explained, in naked and indifferent menace, "It's Nothing Personal."

Art, though, wants to be personal, has to engage something in the souls of those of us in the audience who are not bankers and accountants. Indeed, it was in a search for something to go with my discussion of *Terminator 2* that I went to see *Impromptu*, which wasn't a great movie in any sense, but was charming, intriguing, pretty to look at, fun to think about for a while—in other words, what any reasonable person might imagine as the ideal summer flick.

It's a pastiche, really, less a film about Chopin, George Sand, Franz Liszt, Alfred de Musset, and Eugène Delacroix than a send-up that uses those figures as large puppets to represent notions about sincerity, freedom, and other such fluffy abstractions. In its way, the film is a pastoral, with Chopin and Sand as versions of the old Meliboeus and Tityrus figures. We are to believe in them, but only up to a point. They say and do impish and suggestive things the real Chopin and Sand are not likely to have said or done, but that is perfectly agreeable. The fun is as much in the discontinuities and improbabilities as it is in the occasional accuracies of manner or dress.

There are two significant dramas that go on more or less simultaneously, one having to do with the relation of the artists (who are the aristocracy of the mind) with the nobility (of money and land and, at least in theory, of the sword and blood). The embourgeoisement of the French nobility produced a set of mostly cloddish if high-living types not much different from the American robber barons who came along a little later in the century. These grandees were stuck out there in their châteaux and, out of boredom—their own or their wives'—invited celebrities from Paris to come and be entertaining. Delacroix (Ralph Brown) is quite cynical about this bargain in which the artists get free food and lodging for a week or so, and all that is required of them is that they be entertaining at table, while Musset (played with campy zest by Mandy Patinkin) tests the limits of their hosts' patience by behaving as badly as possible—which is to say, very badly indeed. Much of the comic business of the film arises from the mutual entertainment of this week in the country where the artists are the guests of the Duc and Duchesse d'Antan. We get a fairly witty and elegant series of farcical scenes shot at the handsome Château des Briottières, and for most moviemakers, this would have been a sufficiently lofty achievement.

There is also a meditation on gender roles in sexuality, which might have been tiresome except that Judy Davis, as Sand, flirts (and more than flirts) with homeliness, does a kind of Glenda Jackson imitation in which she manages to come very close to the repellant. Not surprisingly, the delicate Chopin (Hugh Grant) is as wary of her as a male mantis would be at the invitation of a female of the species. Grant's Chopin is an attractive counterpart to Davis's Sand: where she is masculine and assertive, he is feminine, delicate, and elusive. He looks a little like a younger Senator Kerry, and does a Polish accent that lapses on occasion into Hungarian so that he sounds oddly like Bela Lugosi. But realism is irrelevant here. The thrust and focus are elsewhere, which is a hard trick to turn in film, where the eye is so much easier to engage than the brain.

What these lives were about was authenticity or, to put it another way, untrammeled romantic excess as a route to that rigorous ideal. The film's jokes and more earnest high- and low-jinx are not merely silly, then, but all bear in one way or another on this legitimate theme. We watch as Judy Davis improves and, in nervy counterpoint, Bernadette Peters falls apart. She plays the Comtesse Marie d'Agoult, Liszt's mistress who is inevitably coarsened and embittered by her loss of status in society, her bearing of too many children, and the fecklessness of her somewhat flighty lover.

There are awkward moments, weird gestures that don't quite work. One such scene is that in which for the first time Judy Davis hears Chopin playing the piano. She can't see him, but the music through a closed door is nonetheless affecting, and we watch while, in a rapture that is supposed to demonstrate her passionate nature and good taste, she strokes, fondles, caresses, and makes extravagant love to the door. Tibullus has an ode in which he addresses Delia's door, but even with the intention to be absurd, he doesn't carry the conceit to anything like this length.

Such excesses are forgivable, however. The credits for director James Lapine include the Stephen Sondheim musicals *Sunday in the Park with George* and *Into the Woods*, and this

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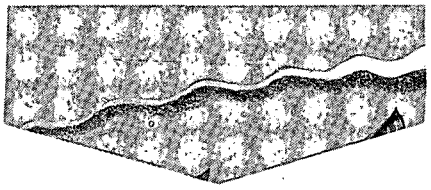
background is probably more useful (or at least less confining) than the usual training of television's fast-cut realism. Excess is, after all, one of the subjects here. We see, at the end, Sand and Chopin driving off together to his consumptive love-death in Corsica, and the scene is a cheerful one, a sunny, happy moment in which small gestures figure large meanings. Chopin coughs and closes the carriage window; Sand opens the window to let in the fresh air he fears will kill him. It's lovely and neat, apparently effortless and . . . impromptu. Yes!



Astonishingly enough, the small gestures in *Terminator 2* are those that are most effective and make the film work. Its level of mayhem and carnage is extraordinarily high, as one might expect in a pricey repetition of an earlier success. What we get, however, is a kind of send-up, although at these levels of production expense, it becomes difficult to distinguish camp from the authentic article. But how else is the minimally sophisticated moviegoer to react when Arnold Schwarzenegger, the villain from the earlier film, returns, again as a cyborg (*i.e.*, cybernetic organism), but this time as the instrument of good and, not incidentally, as the underdog? There is a newer model now, the dreadful T-1000 that has been sent back in time to kill the young John Connor and prevent him from growing up to lead the humans in their revolt against the wicked machinery of Skynet.

This is all utter piffle, of course. But what non-piffle is there left for us to agree on or believe in? We are in favor of peace and against war, just as we are generally loyal to the human species and distrustful of computers and machines. So in this crusade to keep the world safe for humankind, we root for the kid who is destined to save the world and his brave and selfless mother (just a touch of Christianity here, perhaps?). In the course of business, we watch the machines slug it out, or not merely slug but shoot, dismember, crush, crash, incinerate, freeze, melt, boil, and otherwise annoy—for they have a nasty ability to repair themselves almost instantly. They refuse to stay maimed or killed, reorganizing themselves, switching to alternate power sources, and continuing on their relentlessly programmed way.

This is by no means a philosophical film. Indeed, with the strenuous pace of its vehicular recklessness and its flair for mannerist trauma, the prevention of thought may well be one of its purposes. There are, nonetheless, a few general assumptions that constitute the foundation of the violent dazzle on the screen. One is that psychiatrists are cruel, stupid, and dangerous. Indeed, all intellection is to some degree alien and suspicious—the villains of the world who are going to blunder along until they have destroyed civilization as we know it turn out to be the computer wizards at Cyberdyne. The good guys are the innocent kids and the women, and to keep anyone from missing that nuance, Sarah Connor proclaims to some poor male, "You can't create a life. All you create is death."

Well, life is better than death, isn't it? But if humans are in any sense morally superior to cyborgs, it is not because we behave any better than they do but . . . because we are able to cry. Schwarzenegger is curious about the way water comes down from the eyes of the humans at certain moments—as are the screenwriters, who wring what advantage they can from this set-up to get some emotional lift at the ending.

That ending is interesting. *The Terminator* concluded in some unspecified but highly automated factory in which Sarah crushed her attacker in a monstrous stamping machine. Now instead of that vague widget factory, we get a steel mill with its convenient furnaces and pools of molten metal. But the level of our expectations has by this time risen well beyond anything that either stunt men or special effects experts can contrive for us. The movie is now required to reach out to the primitive resources of emotion, which are accessible only in the old-fashioned ways. Schwarzenegger's Terminator has to express as well as it can a kind of affection and loyalty, sacrificing itself, because its duty is to do so and also its inclination—or what would be its inclination if it were human.

The real drama, then, is an emotional one, and the struggle is not with Cyberdyne and the T-1000, but within the Terminator's own Central Processing Unit. Strong, it may be, but it is also oafish and bumbling, an emotional naïf who is always getting nuances wrong and must learn from a preteenage kid how to talk and how to love. The Clint Eastwood style of wisecrack just before or after an act of violence is now famous ("Go ahead. Make my day!") but here Schwarzenegger's fanfare quip ("*Hasta la vista*, baby!") has a further spin inasmuch as this is what he has learned to say from the kid. His expression, then, is one of loyalty and of bonding.

Schwarzenegger's grotesque shape and peculiar diction make him exactly the right kind of vessel for this odd formulation. We are amused but also feel a little sorry for him, the poor, big, muscle-bound yutz, who has to do these absurd things. His adversary, the T-1000, is small, lithe, conventionally good-looking, an improved model. Size and strength, then, having nothing to do with one another, Schwarzenegger's physique is pointless and even démodé. He blunders along, verging on ridiculousness as the kid tries to teach him how to talk, and how to behave. This is where the movie's energy comes from. At one point, Schwarzenegger picks up some huge piece of ordinance, a machine gun anyone else would operate from a tripod but that he will brandish and shoot one-handed, as if it were a pistol. The kid looks at him, notes the image of the outsize body and the outsize gun, and says, "It's definitely you." It's a funny line, expressing as it does the audience's all but unspeakable sympathy for the tristesse of Schwarzenegger's ungainliness.

It was right, then, that Schwarzenegger be paid so handsomely—for giving the movie more of its appeal than any $30 million's worth of wrecked cars, trucks, and helicopters. "How much did you get?" one television interviewer asked him, just a tad too crudely, but Schwarzenegger only grinned and said, equably enough, "Blenty."

David R. Slavitt is a poet and novelist living in Philadelphia.

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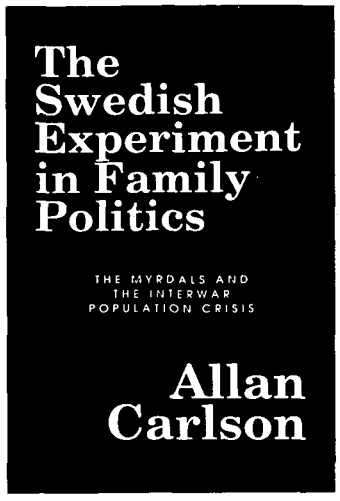

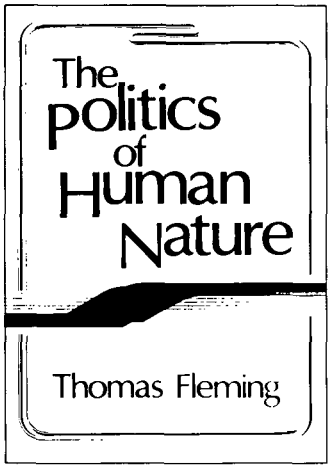

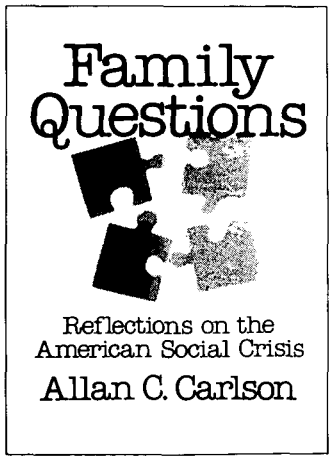

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Are You Fed Up With the One-Party System in Washington, D.C. ?

If multi-party politics is a good idea for Eastern Europe and South Africa, why not try it here in America?

Help build a ...

U.S. TAXPAYERS PARTY *... with a new agenda for America!*

☐ **Constitutional Budget:** We need more than a balanced budget. Disapprove any and all Federal expenditures which are not specifically authorized in the U.S. Constitution.

☐ **Equal Taxation:** The income tax is not only an insidious invasion of privacy — it is totally unnecessary to cover constitutional spending requirements. Equality before the law should not depend on what you earn or what you pay.

☐ **Institutional Reform:** Our goal is a depoliticized, degovernmentalized society with market accountability. Government regulation and subsidy diminishes liberty. To the degree that government exercises legitimate authority, political accountability is essential: electoral, bureaucratic, and judicial. We favor tenure limits, elimination of pensions for elected officials, and an end to special advantages for Big Media.

☐ **Religious Liberty and Constitutional Rights:** Jefferson correctly warned that "to compel a man to furnish funds for the propagation of ideas he disbelieves and abhors is sinful and tyrannical." We will terminate advocacy subsidies of all kinds, including Federal funding of education, while preserving every word of the Bill of Rights: private property rights and freedom of association shall not be diminished. The right to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

☐ **American Nationalism:** We say "no" to the New World Order. Withdraw from unaccountable supranational institutions — UN, IMF, World Bank, etc. Terminate special privileges for central banks and multi-national corporations. Deploy SDI. End foreign aid, except to protect vital U.S. security interests. Rebuild U.S. industrial strength with deregulation and abolition of corporate taxes.

PRAGMATISM DOESN'T WORK!

America is in trouble, and the politics of conventional ambition and political pragmatism are not working.

We face crises which are, at once, economic, geostrategic, institutional, and, above all, moral. The dumbing-down of school textbooks, the insidious vulgarity conveyed on television, and the degrading humanist culture portrayed and purveyed on our movie screens has helped produce a nation of sheep, spectators who reject the very premises of our nation's Godly heritage, and who too often lack the discernment, or knowledge of history, to reject the incremental, escalating, political confiscation of our individual liberties and national autonomy.

Time is not on our side. Time is running out. If you want to do something about it, join in launching a new movement which has the potential to slow the tide, and to turn it.

Our strategy is simple, but effective: to establish a party of principle which will have the option of withholding political support from either or both major political parties whenever it is determined that ***the lesser of two evils can be the worst outcome of all.***

Politicians like to win elections. If they need us to win, and if our price is not personal power, patronage, or payoffs, they will be forced to reward us in the currency of policy and principle—or suffer the consequences.

But our objective is more profound than to merely achieve victory or defeat in particular electoral contests. Our goal is to recast the entire dialectic of American politics away from humanistic, socialist materialism, and back in the direction of Biblical, constitutional liberty.

☐ "No" to the New World Order
☐ Abolition of the IRS and the income tax system
☐ Judicial accountability
☐ "No" to the UN, IMF, and World Bank
☐ Execution or restitution to fight crime
☐ "No" to abortion
☐ Term limitation
☐ No bailout of Gorbachev
☐ Abolition of civil service
☐ No fiat money
☐ Withdrawal from entangling international financial, political, and military alliances
☐ No transfers of resources and technology to America's enemies
☐ Deploy SDI
☐ "No" to gun control
☐ Reverse government restrictions on the development of U.S. energy resources
☐ "No" to pensions for elected officials
☐ Eliminate special political privileges for media moguls
☐ No government-guaranteed loans, investments, or banking arrangements
☐ Restore control of Federal elections to the state and local level
☐ "No" to environmental extremism
☐ End the Social Security tax
☐ "No" to U.S.-funded education
☐ Transfer Social Security contributions to individually protected private retirement accounts
☐ "No" to statehood for D.C.
☐ Abolish Federal regulatory commissions
☐ "No" to quotas
☐ Reduce Federal government land ownership and use restrictions
☐ "No" to pro-homosexual subsidies and regulations
☐ Abolish the FEC
☐ Private charity — not government welfare

HELP MAKE HISTORY! JOIN THE UNITED STATES TAXPAYERS ALLIANCE

I want to help implement the USTA strategy for conservative victory and build a U.S. Taxpayers Party.

❑ by helping achieve ballot qualification
❑ by becoming or recruiting a candidate
❑ by contributing funds. Enclosed is my check, payable to USTA, for:
  ❑ $75 (students $25) — USTA **Charter Membership**
  ❑ $1000 — Member, USTA **National Committee**
  ❑ $10,000 — Member, USTA **Executive Committee**
  ❑ Or: ❑ $25 ❑ $100 ❑ $250 ❑ $5000 ❑ other $
  ❑ Please charge my credit card: ❑ MasterCard ❑ Visa
  Account number: _____ Exp: _____
  Cardholder's Signature: _____
❑ Please send more information about your proposal, strategy, and principles. Enclosed is a check for $25.
❑ Please keep me on your mailing list
❑ Please notify me of training workshops and conventions

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U.S. TAXPAYERS ALLIANCE

450 Maple Avenue, East
Vienna, Virginia 22180

The IRS has determined the USTA to be a 501(c)4 organization, exempt from Federal income tax. Contributions to the USTA are not tax deductible. Corporate and individual donations are welcome in any amount.

"You have been sold out by both major political parties. "How much longer will you put up with it? "Join me as a charter member of the U. S. Taxpayers Alliance, and help me put America back on the right track."
— Howard Phillips

My name is Howard Phillips, and I ask you to help me give America a new birth of freedom.

Since 1974, I've led The Conservative Caucus (TCC), a non-profit policy action group which has fought for **less government, traditional American values, and victory over Communism.**

For more than 30 years, I've been working against a corrupt cultural, financial, and political establishment which rejects the heritage of American liberty and has set our beloved country on a track to disaster.

During the Nixon Administration, as head of two U.S. government agencies—I got a solid four-year education in just how badly the Federal government is permeated with waste, corruption, moral cowardice, and destructive ideological activism.

As director of the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), I made enemies of whom I remain proud, as I battled to terminate grants and contracts which were being used as ideological patronage for the radical Left—and fought to erase "Great Society"-era regulations which had been carefully crafted to insulate from electoral accountability a national network of well-paid neo-Marxist organizations.

After a decade of Reagan and Bush, the Washington-based conservative movement is at a dead end. Grass roots supporters have grown weary of the battle, frustrated by political betrayal, and seemingly impotent to achieve significant victories on issues they care about.

Those who control the government have been only marginally inconvenienced by anti-establishment protest — because, in the context of the present two-party system, "fed up" Americans have "no place else" to go on election day.

With your help, that will change in 1992, and voters across America will have an effective means to "throw the rascals out".

That's why I urge you to join me in launching a new U.S. Taxpayers Party.

OUR GOAL: *To launch, in time for the 1992 elections, a new political party which advances principles and policy objectives consistent with the Bible and the Constitution of the United States, whose purpose, both by fielding its own candidates, and by co-endorsing, where appropriate, candidates of other parties, is to establish, in the context of the American political process, a right standard for civil government and an electoral rallying point for those who, in agreement with our purposes, choose to join us.*

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE: *We proceed from the premise that the only legitimate purpose of civil government is to safeguard our God-given rights to life, liberty, and property.*

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